Dangerous Red String

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/58548556.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia (Anime & Manga)
Relationships:	Midoriya Izuku/Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Hisashi/Midoriya Inko, Class 1-A Girls & Midoriya Izuku, Class 1-A Girls/Midoriya Izuku
Characters:	Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Inko, Nedzu (My Hero Academia), Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Hagakure Tooru, Midoriya Hisashi
Additional Tags:	Shameless Smut, Selfcest, Female Midoriya Izuku, Fluff and Angst, Angst and Fluff and Smut, Awkward Sexual Situations, Soul Bond, Sharing a Bed, Holding Hands, Quirkless Discrimination (My Hero Academia), Supportive Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Literal Sleeping Together, Midoriya Izuku Has a Crush, Fast Burn, Mineta Minoru is a Little Shit, Showering Together, First Kiss, passionate kissing, Horny Midoriya Izuku, Grinding, First Time, Vaginal Sex, Creampie, Drama & Romance, Hagakure Tooru Needs a Hug, Midoriya Izuku is a Good Friend, Love Confessions, Pseudo-Incest, Polyamory Negotiations
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-08-29 Completed: 2024-12-21 Words: 28,401 Chapters: 4/4

Dangerous Red String

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Summary

When a villain betrays themself, Midoriya Shizuku found herself hurtled into a world where everyone was the opposite sex.
Worse yet, something went wrong with the Quirk, and now Izuku and Shizuku find their souls dangerously intertwined.

It's not all bad for the twins, if you asked them.
They both enjoy having someone at their side who understands the pain and pressure of their life.
Being tethered to someone that easy on the eyes also helps a lot.

If the Quirk demands that they strengthen their bond...
...what's so wrong with fully enjoying their time together?

Notes

Hello!

This isn't actually something that I wrote, it was written for me by a friend who got inspired by my love of Selfcest and wrote this for me!

They just wanted me to post it on my account, so here is chapter one!

Make sure to tell them how much you enjoyed the chapter in the comments!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: I'm you but Hotter

Consciousness returned to Izuku slowly. He felt warm all over, as though a thick heated blanket had enveloped him completely. Yet, for some reason, it did not feel constricting. He felt safe in its embrace, calmed by its warmth and softness. Izuku felt as though he had the best sleep of his entire life, completely free of the anxiety that normally permeated throughout his every nightmare.

Unfortunately, the moment was shattered when he inhaled deeply and was nailed in the face by the painfully familiar scent of cleaning products. Ammonia and an unnecessary amount of lemon burned his nose and rapidly woke the rest of Izuku's body.

'Mom's gonna cry so hard when she finds out', he thought automatically. It wasn't the first time he had been admitted to the hospital, though the reason for his admittance that time eluded him.

Izuku opened his eyes to survey his condition and hopefully jog his disturbingly silent mind.

A girl was in his bed, her face mere centimeters from his own.

Her pretty green eyes had just opened at the same time Izuku's had. They danced across his face quickly, just as his own jumped to the diamond of freckles on her cheeks and her bushy head of long, dark green hair. Her lips moved swiftly, inaudibly cataloging everything the girl was seeing in an almost hypnotic fashion.

The pretty girl felt so warm and comforting. Her chest squished against Izuku's own gently, her skin almost like silk gliding across his pecs while her thin yet muscular arms encircled his torso as though they had always belonged there.

It was then that Izuku realized that the pretty girl was hugging him. Worse yet, she was *cuddling* him. And his arms were hooked over her shoulders and crossed over her back, so he was cuddling her as well.

And neither of them had any clothes on.

"I'MSOSORRY!!" Both of them shrieked in embarrassment simultaneously and pushed away from each other. Izuku fell off his side of the bed and slammed into the cold tile below just as the pretty girl did the same from her side, the twinned impact reverberating throughout the room.

A bone-deep chill immediately settled into Izuku's core, nearly sapping him of all of his strength. It wasn't a normal lightheaded feeling he got after waking up from anesthesia, but rather something much deeper. He felt hollow and cold, the edges of his vision began to darken, and his skin was far too tight like something was trying to burst free of his body. One for All felt so far away from him in that moment, and something in the back of his mind all but *screamed* that he *needed* to touch the pretty girl he woke up with for just one moment longer.

Izuku clung to the hospital bed and forced himself onto his feet to peer over the edge of the bed. His arm reached out toward the opposite side of the bed on its own, his body desperate to be drawn closer to the green-haired girl he slept beside.

She had done the same thing he had, and their hands met in the middle. Her right hand gripped Izuku's fingers weakly, shaking with exertion, her crooked and gnarled fingers trying to intertwine with Izuku's smoother left hand.

All at once, the draining chill that threatened Izuku's consciousness fled, and energy returned to his body. He felt whole again, if somewhat exhausted.

The green-haired girl and the green-haired boy locked terrifyingly similar green eyes and both of them gasped in sync as several facts flashed through their minds. None of them made any sense, yet they both knew them to be the absolute truth.

"IZUKU!!"

Izuku barely had time to look over his shoulder at the hysterical cry behind him before his mother crashed into him and hugged him tightly from behind, her tears already forming

rivers down his bare back.

"M-Mom?!" He tried to turn to address his sobbing mother, yet the moment his hand disconnected from the girl across from him, the dangerous chill returned and his legs gave out. Mother and son fell to the floor with another loud *THUMP* and Inko's full weight drove the air out of her son's lungs.

He began to cough and gasp for air while his mother tried to talk to him in a watery and high-strung voice, yet he couldn't make out the words she was saying. It all blended together and made the whole room spin violently. He couldn't even plant his scarred hand against the ground without it moving out from under him. His vision darkened further and something was tearing at his chest and squeezing his lungs and he couldn't breathe and he didn't want his mother to see him die like this…

Izuku was lifted off the ground, something warm supporting his weight easily. It moved him onto something soft, and the pretty girl's hand gripped his bicep tightly.

Izuku took in a full breath, fresh oxygen flooding his lungs once more. He lay there panting for several long minutes, blinking his eyes until he could see clearly again. The clinically white ceiling looked exactly the same as the ceiling in Hosu General. And in Recovery Girl's office. And Musutafu General.

When his body didn't feel like it was going to burst open like a water balloon, he turned his head to look at the young woman he had to stay connected to.

Tears had formed in her eyes, and she didn't dare to look away from him. "Hi," she whispered with a weak smile.

"Hey," Izuku breathed. "I'm sorry I scared you."

She shook her head. "I'm sorry you're stuck with me. Are you okay?"

“Are you?” he asked.

She didn’t answer verbally. Instead, she smiled. It was fake, practiced, and full of pain.

It was the same exact smile he gave his mother nearly every day since his Quirkless diagnosis.

Izuku nodded. “Okay.”

The two fell into an uneasy silence, both of them listening to an indistinct conversation just outside of their hospital room.

“I’m Shizuku,” the identical girl said suddenly. “Midoriya Shizuku.”

Izuku found the strength to reach over his body and rest his gnarled hand on top of Shizuku’s equally scarred hand. “I’m Midoriya Izuku.”

Shizuku smiled again, this time more genuinely. “Dad said that was going to be my name if I was a boy. He said his wife was mad at him for weeks for picking such similar names.”

A weak chuckle escaped Izuku. “Mom said the same thing. She was so upset…”

Silence settled in once more.

“Wait a second, your *dad* ?”

The rest of the day was like a blur to Shizuku.

Nurses helped both herself and her male double change into hospital gowns, upon finding that the ones they were supposed to be wearing were reduced to fabric scraps in their sleep. All of them had to be careful and quick, as every time the two Midoriyas weren't touching each other, the painful cold that tore at Shizuku's heart settled into her whole body, making her skin feel tight and constricting, like something was trying to claw its way out of her.

Several doctors came and went throughout the day, each one performing a battery of tests on both of them and asking endless questions. A helpful nurse took the time to explain what had happened to the two of them that landed them in the same hospital bed, though they said there was a lot more to their condition that the doctors were trying to figure out. It wasn't until Izuku's mother was allowed back into the room that the duo were able to calm down and process everything.

"I know Quirks can get really interesting and unique," Shizuku started while staring blankly at the ceiling, "but this is ridiculous."

"Tell me about it," Izuku replied in a monotone voice, also staring blankly at the ceiling.

"I-I mean, why would a multiverse Quirk even evolve this way? HOW can it happen?" Shizuku said, her voice slowly rising into a hysterical tone.

Izuku's free hand, the one not intertwined with Shizuku's own, rose up to his lips and began to tap on his bottom lip, exactly as Shizuku did when she needed to concentrate. "Random mutations aren't very well understood, but there's usually something in their genetics that starts as a base before it mutates into something new, so maybe they're from a family with teleportation Quirks?"

"They would have been tracked if that were the case; warping and teleportation Quirks are still regulated, even more so after the attack on the USJ."

Izuku let out a frustrated huff and looked at Shizuku. "And the villain was a complete unknown before we started chasing them, right?"

“Right. But where else could the Quirk have come from? A mental Quirk, maybe?” Shizuku proposed.

“Even the villain was confused as to why we have to stay in contact with each other, that’s not part of their Quirk at all—”

“—which doesn’t make *any* sense in the slightest, ‘cause how can this NOT be a part of their Quirk?! They can talk to other versions of themselves—”

“—and you’re another version of me—”

“—or *you* are another version of *me* —”

“—depending on what it means to be the ‘prime world’—”

“—which might not even be either of our worlds—”

“Baby, you lost me completely,” Inko suddenly said.

Izuku and Shizuku’s mouths clicked shut in perfect sync, both of them visibly cringing from the light reprimand. “Sorry, Mom,” Izuku muttered.

Inko shook her head and kept on petting Izuku’s hair with a tired smile. “You don’t need to apologize for being smart, honey. Either of you. It’s one of the best parts about both of you, and I don’t want you to ever be ashamed of that.”

“We just need to slow down a little, don’t we?” Shizuku murmured. “I think so fast and it all just tumbles out, and—”

“No, honey, no,” Inko interrupted and reached over her son to rest her hand in Shizuku’s hair in a reassuring manner. “It’s just how you think. There’s nothing wrong with that. And now you have someone else who can think just as fast as you.”

Shizuku turned her head to look at Izuku, who returned the look. His mother did have a point; they were both muttering, but they were doing it together. It was so seamless that neither of them realized it happened until Inko interrupted them.

How long had it been since someone was able to keep up with her thoughts? Even All Might sometimes told her to slow down.

“For a while, anyway.” Inko sighed and took her hand away from Shizuku. “I know heroes and UA are working together to find a way to send you home, Shizuku, but they haven’t told me how long that would take. Hisashi will be so worried about you…”

Shizuku looked away. Inko was right, again. How long will she make her dad wait until she can get home? Does he even know if she’s alright? Will he ever let her return to the dorms after this?

Izuku squeezed her hand, shocking her out of her spiral. The two locked eyes, and no words were necessary at that moment. His startlingly familiar green eyes burned with determination and strength. His smile, small and gentle and genuine, held an unbreakable promise; so long as the two were together, he would help her get home.

‘It’s alright, Shizuku, because he is here,’ she thought to herself and gave Izuku a thankful grin.

A knock drew the duo’s attention to the door to their shared room. It slid open to reveal Miss Aizawa and Principal Nozomi, the latter of which was nestled within Aizawa’s capture scarf. “Greetings! Am I a mouse? A dog? A bear? The only important thing is… I’m the Principal of UA!”

“Pardon the intrusion, Mrs Midoriya,” the very obviously male Aizawa said with a small but respectful bow. “There’s a few things we need to discuss with these two, now that they’re awake.”

‘Oh, if I’m a boy in this world, then the women are men, too,’ Shizuku realized distractedly. *‘Would that include my classmates? Does Izuku still call Kacchan ‘Kacchan’?’*

“Oh, of course, of course.” Inko sat up in her seat next to their shared bed, and after brushing down a few flyaway strands of hair, she held Izuku’s free hand to keep herself grounded.

Izuku shifted up their hospital bed, prompting Shizuku to follow suit so the two could sit up a bit. “Is this about where Shizuku is going to stay, Principal Nezu?”

“Indeed!” Nezu chirped. He remained where he sat on Aizawa’s shoulder, although his perpetual ‘stuffed animal smile’ softened into something a little more serious. “The process of helping Shizuku return home will take some time, and I highly doubt either of you want to spend more time in the hospital than is necessary. There is plenty of room in Class A’s dormitory for her to stay, but your current condition presents some challenges that will need to be addressed.”

“Challenges?” Inko questioned, her anxiety bleeding into her voice. “L-Like what? Are they going to be okay?”

“I am certain they will be perfectly fine, provided they can manage the Quirk that tethers them together,” Nezu placated. “However, as the tether does not allow them to be physically separated from each other, we will have no choice but to ensure that they share a dorm room.”

“Sha— share a room?” Shizuku stammered. “Like, studying at the same desk—”

“—and keeping our clothes in the same dresser—” Izuku continued.

“—and *changing* next to each other—”

“—and sleeping in the same bed *at the same time?!* ” both Midoriyas shrieked in sync.

“As you two have been doing for the past three days, yes indeed!” Nezu confirmed with a bright and deceptively adorable smile.

Shizuku felt Izuku stiffen against her arm having suddenly been reminded of his current predicament. She could see him in the corner of her eye, and her body forced her to glance at him. His diamond of freckles were completely engulfed by a blush so powerful, the girl beside him could practically feel it herself.

At least, she would if she wasn’t fighting off her *own* blush. Her hand must feel so hot and clammy in Izuku’s palm, and it took all of her willpower not to yank it away to spare him the feeling of her gross and embarrassed body.

If this was how she was merely *imagining* staying with Izuku, how could she survive her first week? Or her first night?

Inko’s eyes bounced between her son and alternate daughter. “Are you sure there isn’t any other way for them to have privacy? At least from each other?”

“The hospital tried several ways to suppress the Quirk’s effect on them, Mrs Midoriya,” Aizawa said, frustration leaking into his tone. “So far, nothing has worked. If Shizuku doesn’t spend the night beside Izuku, both of them will suffer. Which would normally mean moving her into Izuku’s dorm room.”

‘Wait a second. If the women are men here—’

Izuku interrupted her thought by saying, “That would put her adjacent to Mineta.”

“Is she just as bad here?” Shizuku asked. “Sorry, he?”

Izuku just sighed. So much was said in that single breath, all of which Shizuku understood perfectly.

“Isn’t Mineta that classmate that’s been bothering the girls in your class?” Inko said. Something about her tone sent an uncanny shiver down Shizuku’s spine. She couldn’t quite pinpoint what it was, except that it reminded her of the time Hisashi came to her middle school to talk to the principal about changes in the dress code.

“He’s been getting better…” Izuku tried unsuccessfully.

Inko gave Izuku a Look, causing him to wilt and focus on the linen sheet covering the two of them. “From what I’ve been told, that boy has *consistently* been a problem for Izuku’s female classmates, and you want to put a female version of *my son* —effectively my *daughter* — directly adjacent to him?”

It was Aizawa’s turn to avert his eyes in submission. He tried to be subtle about retreating into the folds of his capture scarf, but it didn’t help him against the wrath of a mother.

Nezu was significantly better at managing his prey instincts and kept up his customer service smile. “Do I want that? Goodness, no! He isn’t ready to be tested in that fashion just yet, and both Izuku and Shizuku need time to heal from their current condition. No, Izuku will have to move to another room entirely.”

“It’ll be hard to find an open room somewhere else on the men’s side of Class A’s dorm,” Aizawa explained, rallied by the principal’s words. “So the current plan is for them to move into the teacher’s dorm instead. It would be temporary, however—”

As the male version of Shizuku’s teacher talked to Inko about the benefits of staying in the teacher’s dormitory, Shizuku couldn’t help but tune him out. Her attention was instead drawn toward the boy she was sharing a hospital bed with. On the outside, he was paying close

attention to his teacher's words, respectfully staying quiet while his mother digested the suggestion.

Yet his hand was quivering. It tightened ever so slightly, and he shifted his fingers to nestle between Shizuku's own, his unscarred left hand finding the nooks and crannies of her gnarled right hand effortlessly. His breathing was too even. His jaw was clenched just enough to silence the thoughts that wanted to slip out.

He knew his teachers. He knew All Might and Aizawa and Midnight and he knew that they would die for him, that they almost DID die for him.

And yet…

"Mr Aizawa?" Shizuku piped up suddenly. Izuku did not flinch in any outwardly visible way.

When all eyes turned to Shizuku, she took the plunge. "I don't think I'll be comfortable staying in the teacher's dorm. I've spent most of my life with my father, but more recently, I've been surrounded by my classmates. My friends. Is there anywhere else we could stay?"

Izuku released a breath, and his hand relaxed. Their palms were flush against each other, their warmth blending together in a comforting fashion.

For some odd reason, Nezu's smile widened. He planted both of his paws on Aizawa's shoulder, leaning ever so slightly on the one closer to Aizawa's neck. Aizawa sighed forcefully, then said in an almost bored tone, "There is one other option. There are plenty of rooms available on the women's side of the Class A dormitory, especially on the second floor. Being on the same floor as Izuku's *current* room, transferring across the divide would be simple, but that would mean *Izuku* would be staying with *Shizuku* rather than the other way around."

"Will the women be alright with that?" Izuku blurted out.

“I don’t see why not!” Nezu said dismissively, clapping his paws. “You will have the entire second floor to yourselves, after all!”

“They will be notified of the change in room assignments before you’re released,” Aizawa added.

“You have said a lot of wonderful things about the girls in your class as well, Izuku,” Inko said softly, patting her son’s hand in a reassuring fashion. “I’m sure they will be very understanding, of both of you.”

Izuku sighed, but ultimately didn’t respond. Shizuku knew that his mind was trying to argue against his mother and his teachers, even if he couldn’t bring himself to say them out loud.

“Hey.” Shizuku squeezed his hand, drawing his attention. “I’ll be there with you to help you explain.”

The boy she was tethered to seemed to relax at her words.

Then he stiffened again.

“Even Ashido?”

Shizuku blinked. What did the self-proclaimed King of Ships have to do with…?

“Mr Aizawa, I changed my mind. Can you just kill me instead?”

Night had fallen hours ago, and Izuku was still awake.

His mind was hazy and loud, hundreds of thoughts and scenarios and images flashing across it too fast for him to truly focus on any one thing. School work he was missing, the inevitable anger and hate of his female classmates, the status of the villain that did this to the both of them, in both his world and his alternate self's, all of it rushed past him in a blur.

Even that wasn't his loudest thought at the time. No, the worst thing he couldn't stop thinking about was far simpler, far *worse* than any of his previous anxieties combined.

He had been left entirely unattended in the same room as a *cute naked girl* and he was expected to not just *sleep* with her, but *touch* her at all times, all while he was wearing little more than a sterile sheet. It was a plot that was straight out of Mineta's doujins, except it was actually real and happening in that very moment.

Izuku was acutely aware of Shizuku's calm breathing, her thinly-clothed chest rising and falling in a hypnotic rhythm. Even laying down, he could easily tell that she was smaller than most of the girls in his class, beating only Jirou and maybe Tsuyu. Her thin, petite body did nothing to hide the strength that she had worked hard to earn to be worthy of One for All, and the boy beside her couldn't get her toned and muscular legs out of his head.

A small part of Izuku felt bad for his perverse thoughts. She was, after all, her own person, and she doesn't deserve to be treated like a sex toy for his amusement. A smaller part of Izuku worried that his attraction of himself from an alternate reality said horrible things about who he was as a person and a hero. All Might had once said that the essence of being a hero was self sacrifice; such a fact could never reconcile with the narcissism that was finding your own self hot, even if the other 'you' was a cute girl that's trying to keep you alive.

Most of Izuku's body didn't give a shit about any of that, naturally. It felt Shizuku's warm body touching his own through the thin hospital gowns they had been given and it decided to scream like an ape enclosure at feeding time. An unfortunately familiar heat cycled throughout his body, craving hungrily for the touch of the one that lay beside him.

And if that wasn't enough, the hospital gown was far too thin and light to restrict most damning evidence of his horniness. If he were to remain on his back, it would be impossible to hide the massive tent in the bedsheets Izuku was being forced to create.

Shifting as carefully as he could, he tried to roll onto his side to mitigate the perverse sight of the raised sheet while also holding Shizuku's hand behind his back all while not shaking or bouncing their hospital bed enough to wake the girl.

As Izuku put centimeters between himself and Shizuku, he felt his body begin to groan in protest. His already abused tendons whined at the awkward angle his arm was being twisted in, and the more heat that bled from his body, the more he felt an unnaturally intoxicating craving to his counterpart's soft body. His focus was split and strained to its limit, and something was bound to give.

Unfortunately, it was his grip that decided to give up the ghost first. One more yank to rotate his body just a little more, and he felt his hand slip out of Shizuku's. The tether that bound the two of them together immediately started biting at Izuku's soul, and he had no choice but to reach behind him to find Shizuku's hand again.

What he found instead was her thigh. Her gown had ridden up in her sleep, just enough to expose her supple skin to the heat they had been sharing in their proximity. His left hand pressed hard into her thigh, her relaxed muscles nearly melting under his touch. Worse yet, with how silent the hospital was at night, he clearly heard her breath hitch at the contact.

Izuku yanked his hand away instantly, ignoring the biting cold that laughed at his unintended assault upon his alternate self. "Sorry," he whispered automatically.

"It's alright," Shizuku whispered back, revealing that she was just as awake as he was. Her hand sought out Izuku's own and the two naturally interlaced their fingers again. "It's not safe to pull away from me, you know."

"I-I know, I just—" What could Izuku possibly say to explain why he had been shifting? 'I didn't want you to see how crazy hard you make me'? Yeah, like THAT would go well with a girl who definitely knows how to throw a steel-shattering punch.

An awkward silence fell over the two of them. Izuku's arm protested its position behind his back, but he was rapidly running out of comfortable options.

His female double decided to break the silence first. “Y-You don’t have to hide it… I, uh, I know that’s what happens to guys sometimes.”

“What?”

“Look, Izuku, we both know what you’re trying to do,” Shizuku said in a huff. “You’ve never shared a bed with a girl before, right?”

Izuku’s face erupted in a smoking hot blush. To be caught so quickly while he still hadn’t contained his most perverse reaction yet… Shame and guilt swirled in his heart and brought tears to his eyes. The only reason why he hadn’t released Shizuku’s hand was the fact that doing so would hurt her even worse than he already had. “I’m sorry, I swear I wasn’t doing anything to you and I’m trying to make it go away and—”

“Hey, hey,” Shizuku interrupted his spiral by squeezing his hand. She rolled onto her side as well and shuffled a little closer to Izuku before lifting their joined hands onto his hip. “I’m not mad, I’m not going to hurt you, and you’re not a bad person for having a body that works. You’re a cute guy that’s staying in the same bed as a girl your age, it happens. And it just happens naturally, right? Totally natural.”

Izuku sighed and glared at nothing in particular, quietly wishing there was a mirror in the room. “You don’t need to save my feelings, Shizuku. It doesn’t matter if it’s natural or not, you don’t deserve the Mineta treatment from me, especially when you can’t get away from me without hurting yourself.”

“I know that, but you know that I’m not sugarcoating anything!” she hissed quietly. She poked Izuku in the back with her free hand for emphasis. “You’re Hisashi’s son. You’re me, and Dad didn’t raise me to be someone like Mineta, and I know for a fact that Inko did the same for you. I know what you’re thinking, Izuku. I know what you’re scared of.”

Izuku didn’t respond. She had a point, after all. They were the same person, albeit from across the multiverse. She may have been born a woman, but perhaps that didn’t matter for their history. Had she also grown up Quirkless and alone? Had she ever been betrayed by almost-friends and classmates when she begged for anyone to see her as a real person?

Almost inaudibly, Shizuku added in a whisper, “Besides, it’s nothing I haven’t already seen before.”

Izuku’s mind squealed like a record being violently halted. “What?”

“Er—” It was Shizuku’s turn to spiral into a muttering spree. “I-I mean, not yours, specifically, I wasn’t looking and when they put you back on the bed I was focused on your face, not any lower, so I haven’t actually seen *you* specifically, so I wasn’t being a pervert or anything, I was just—”

“Yaoyorozu,” Izuku interrupted. A memory came to him, the details of which slowly unfolding before him next to what he already knew of Shizuku’s world. “You were talking about Yaoyorozu.”

“Exactly!” the rambling girl exclaimed. “He opens up his costume for more surface area—”

“—and she usually turns away out of respect for us, more than her own modesty, right.”

Shizuku’s gnarled fingers drummed against the back of Izuku’s hand. “For the most part. I don’t think your Yaoyorozu and mine have the same exact costume, as, uh, female Mimono —”

“Momo,” Izuku provided.

“—Momo has breasts that legally she needs to keep covered, but Mimono doesn’t.”

Izuku nodded. “Right, the Exposed Skin and Costumes Act. Does Mimono keep his chest exposed, then? I think I remember Yaoyorozu had said that she wanted an even smaller costume at one point.”

Shizuku made a noncommittal noise. “He’s got straps going down the sides of his chest, keeping only his sternum and abdomen exposed. Minori tried to convince him to change his costume so that he’s totally topless, but that was before he knew better than to talk to her.”

A breathy laugh escaped Izuku. “Let me guess, he had no idea that Mineta was trying to flirt with him?”

“It went right over his head,” Shizuku chuckled. “He just went on and on about the Exposed Skin Act, and as soon as Iida joined in the conversation, Minori nearly fell asleep on her feet.”

The two laughed quietly together. A more comfortable silence filled the room, and Izuku finally felt ready to return to his back. “Wait,” he said after rotating himself, “Yaoyorozu doesn’t need to go *that* low for her Quirk. Why did you say that you’ve already seen…?”

Even in the gloom of the unlit hospital room, Izuku could clearly see a small blush coloring Shizuku’s freckles. She didn’t bother rolling away from him, staying on her side even as their legs brushed against one another. “Do you remember when he had that wardrobe malfunction? Did that happen with you too?”

Izuku nodded and turned his head to look up to the ceiling idly. His thumb tapped Shizuku’s as he allowed his mind to dive into his memories. “I think so. We were testing that experimental I-Island tech, weren’t we?”

“Yup, the prototype Quirk suppressant system. It was supposed to be a free-for-all, whoever could complete our objectives the fastest despite our Quirks being suppressed constantly,” Shizuku explained. “But when I heard Yaoyorozu scream—”

“—we ran to her and found her doubled over, her face completely red, worse than anything I’ve ever seen. You thought she was hurt, didn’t you?”

Shizuku nodded. “Mrs Aizawa didn’t cancel the exercise, so it probably wasn’t too bad, but I panicked and said ‘to hell with the competition’ and picked him up to bring him somewhere safe.”

The rest of the picture filled out in Izuku's mind and he couldn't help but laugh to himself. "And when you searched him for his injury, all you found was a costume failure. He couldn't even Create a new costume because of the prototype. Did you react to Yaoyorozu's accident?"

Shizuku visibly cringed and covered her face with her free hand. "Not at the time…"

Second-hand embarrassment washed over Izuku, even as a smile stretched across his face. "When we put on our Hero Face, it's hard to take it off, isn't it?"

"'Hero Face', oh my god! I can't believe Momo calls it that too!" Shizuku laughed.

"Right?!" Izuku shifted quickly so that he was face to face with his female self. "I still can't believe they *all* have a name for us. And nicknames, too! Green and Izu-chan—"

"—and Midori and Deku-chan, yes!"

A snort escaped Izuku. "'Deku-chan'? Really? Wow, Uraraka picked a great one for you."

"Oh I know! It's worlds better than 'geneless fuck', that's for—" Shizuku's mouth sudden snapped shut and shame immediately overcame her expression.

Izuku couldn't blame her. He hadn't heard that slur in a long time. Kacchan had never used it himself, yet even years and a transferable quirk later, it still dug deep into his heart like an infected splinter.

"Sorry," Shizuku whispered tearfully. She rolled onto her back and turned her head away from Izuku. He felt her arm start to quiver as her emotions roiled within her.

Izuku sighed. Rather than shifting closer to Shizuku, he tossed the blanket that covered the both of them off of them. He sat up and squeezed Shizuku's hand tightly. "Don't be. I get it. I'm not Quirkless anymore, and neither are you. But we never forgot what it was like, did we?"

"No…" Shizuku let out a small sniffle. "Do you ever wonder if you're going to wake up?"

"Fourteen years old and Quirkless again?" Izuku looked down at their interlocked hands. "I try not to."

"And then I went and reminded my alternate self of the exact thing we've been trying to forget," Shizuku cried.

Izuku wasn't having it anymore. He reached down and turned Shizuku's head, forcing her to look at him. Her big green eyes were full of unshed tears and regret, her pain easily displayed upon her expressive face. "You reminded yourself, too. But we haven't woken up, have we? We're still here, in UA, with friends who care about us. Plus, do you think our younger selves could have imagined we'd be here?"

"A hero student?" Shizuku tried.

Izuku shook his head. "Bonded to another version of ourselves from another world."

A laugh escaped his female self, and something in Izuku's heart lightened at the sound. A weak, yet relieved smile appeared on Shizuku's face. "I guess not. You could be a figment of my imagination, though. Maybe I'm in a coma after the sludge villain got me."

"Could a figment of your imagination do this?" Without further warning, Izuku grabbed Shizuku's shoulders and pulled her into a hug. With his head hooked over her shoulder and his arms crossed over her back, he squeezed her tightly.

Shizuku stiffened up out of instinct, but quickly melted into the hug. Her arms wrapped around Izuku's middle and she settled comfortably in the crook of his neck. Both of them reveled in the warmth of each others bodies, swiftly finding their affectionate contact just as intoxicating as it was comforting.

"I guess you are real," Shizuku whispered in Izuku's ear. "I'm glad."

"Me too," Izuku whispered back.

Both Midoriyas stayed attached to one another for several minutes. Each time Izuku thought Shizuku was going to pull away, she tightened her hold on him just a little bit, as though to remind herself that their moment— that Izuku— was real. He couldn't help but return the squeeze every time. Her strength wrapped around him, her softness pressed against him, all of it made him want to stay in her hold for just a little longer.

It was biology that reminded both of them what time it was. In eerie sync, a yawn ripped through both of them, and the exhaustion of an emotional crash flooded Izuku's system.

"Ah, sorry," Izuku said quickly and pulled away from Shizuku.

Shizuku pulled back as well, flailing her hands about to ward off his apology. "Nono, I'm sorry, I was keeping you up too, and it's super late and wow I really just yawned into your ear, didn't I?"

Izuku rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. "Well, I did too, so I guess we're even?"

"Good enough for me," Shizuku giggled.

Both of them paused. Something was wrong, somehow. But how could anything be wrong after their moment together?

Izuku's hand was cold.

They both looked down.

Shizuku's scarred right hand lay on the bed right next to Izuku's unblemished left hand.

"Oh shit," Shizuku swore and instantly covered her alternate self's hand. "Sorry, I didn't even notice we weren't…"

As she trailed off, the same realization occurred to both of them. They weren't touching, yet the bitter cold that ripped at their vitality wasn't affecting them.

"Wait a second, could we do that this whole time?" Izuku asked frantically.

"No, definitely not," Shizuku retorted quickly. "Earlier tonight you let go and it sucked, but now we definitely let go of each other and I'm not touching you somewhere else, am I?"

"Nope, you're still covered so our only contact is our hands—"

"—but that was only just now, so is it wearing off—"

"—or did our conversation mean something to the Quirk—"

In perfect sync, the two of them suddenly exclaimed, "We strengthened our bond tonight."

Izuku's mind raced, searching through everything he ever learned about Quirks. Was there precedent for what was happening to them? Were they lying to themselves, or was it really that simple? There were so many variables that he didn't know, so many questions he had regarding the Quirk that affected himself and the intelligent girl beside him.

“Maybe,” Shizuku said quietly. “Maybe our bond is stronger. Or maybe it was just circumstance. It’s late, and we should probably sleep instead of experiment.”

“Right. Yeah, we…” Izuku trailed off. He knew what he *should* do. He knew what he *needed* to do.

So why did he want to stay up longer? Was it wrong that he just wanted to learn more about the Quirk affecting him and Shizuku? Was it really that bad if he wanted to hear what Shizuku thought?

“Come on, Izuku,” the girl in question said with a small smile. She grabbed the blanket that he had thrown down their shared bed and pulled it closer to them. “We can tell Inko in the morning, then we’ll see what happens.”

Izuku sighed and tried to stuff all his questions and desires in the back of his mind. “Okay. Goodnight, Shizuku.”

“Goodnight, Izuku.”

It didn’t take either of them long to finally fall asleep, comforted by the evolution of the Quirk between them and the words they shared.

Together, they dreamed.

Be careful what you wish for, Nine.

Chapter 2: I Wish I Were You

Chapter Notes

Welcome to another chapter of RDS!

My mate has been putting in a lot of effort to write this story, so I do hope you enjoy it!

Shizuku woke up abruptly, her eyes snapping open. The remnants of the dream she had the night before clung to the edges of her consciousness, desperately trying to burn as much of its details into her mind as possible.

Images of her own naked body standing before a mirror, covered in scars and wounds, stabbed at her waking mind. Yet, unlike her previous nightmares, the girl in the mirror did not force the next host of One for All to relive each injury. Instead, she stepped *out* of the mirror. Her strong arms thickened, her breasts flattened, and something grew between her legs. It grew and hardened, rising up as though to greet Shizuku like it worked at a butler cafe, and how Izuku's dick *throbbed* with need. She could almost feel it brushing against her abdomen and diving deep into her to get at her womb and—

She smacked herself across the face, hard. *'Holy hell, what is* wrong *with me?! I just met this guy; he doesn't deserve to be treated like a sex toy for my amusement! And he's basically me! What would Dad say if he knew I got* that *kind of dream about someone who's just me with a dick?!'*

The boy in question remained blissfully asleep beside Shizuku. After their rough night, he deserved to have all the rest he could get. His expression was relaxed and open, finally free of the anxiety that plagued the both of them every single day. The blanket that covered the both of them rose and fell in an even rhythm as he breathed, his broad chest expanding subtly from underneath the thin hospital gown they were both clad in.

Izuku looked so peaceful and content at that moment, and Shizuku couldn't help but smile at the sight. He was so worried about her all day yesterday, fighting every chance he could to help her feel as comfortable and safe as possible, even from her own nightmares. The boys back home were similar, as each one seemed to enjoy spending time with the green-haired girl, and they would often be there when her anxiety acted up.

They didn't know everything about her, though. They didn't understand the deepest and darkest of her fears, the ones that would never come to pass. Shizuku had no doubt that they would laugh off that which lurked at the very edges of the deepest depths of her mind.

Izuku never would. He had seen the very horrors that stalked them; he knows how terrifying they are to the formerly Quirkless girl.

But could Izuku protect her from them, should they ever become reality?

Could Shizuku protect him in turn?

Whatever answer the introspective girl could have come up with faded away like dust in the wind when she noticed Izuku's sharp green eyes flutter open and blink away sleep. Their gazes locked for a moment before he scanned the rest of her face in moments.

A small blush bloomed on his face, yet he smiled anyway. It was small and gentle and genuine, like he was just happy that Shizuku hadn't vanished alongside his dream. "Good morning, Shizuku."

"Good morning!" she responded quietly. Her mind raced to come up with something they could talk about, anything to prevent the room from being overcome by the awkwardness that followed her everywhere.

Her hand touched Izuku's own. He slipped his fingers in between Shizuku's gnarled digits. Neither of them looked away from each other.

"We don't have to keep touching," Izuku pointed out, even as his hand settled into a more comfortable position against Shizuku's palm.

"You haven't pulled away yet," Shizuku teased.

“It’s nice,” he whispered. “Am I allowed to enjoy it?”

“Yeah. It is nice. For me too.”

That damnable silence filled their hospital room, but for once, Shizuku didn’t seem to mind. Hand in scarred hand, she felt calm. She felt safe. It almost felt like home.

Their moment was shattered the instant they heard their hospital room slide open. On pure instinct, both of them pulled away from each other and put their hands on top of the blanket that covered the two of them, their attention snapping onto whoever had nearly caught them.

The male nurse that had slipped into the room ignored their combined stares, choosing to focus on the medical instruments that continued to monitor the tethered hero students. “Mornin’, you two,” he drawled in an American accent.

Shizuku released the breath she had sucked in and allowed the hospital staff to do his work. As she watched the nurse bustle about as his training dictated, a thought occurred to her:

‘Why was I so scared about being caught? We weren’t doing anything wrong… right?’

After the two Midoriyas calmed down from their startle, their day returned to some semblance of normal. They reported their evolving condition to the doctors that looked at them, and Izuku weathered a little teasing from his female self when his mother drowned the both of them in grateful tears.

“So that’s why Dad always said I got my impressive crying from you!” she had laughed as she fluffed her hair to dispel the fresh Midoriya tears from its bushy depths.

Izuku couldn't stop himself from laughing and smiling alongside her, and he was happy to listen to Shizuku and his mother talk about Hisashi. He had never met the man, as Mom had told him that his father passed away a long time ago, although he knew Mom still loved him, even years later.

While Shizuku never said it out loud, Izuku just knew that their family situation was flipped, and Shizuku grew up without ever knowing Inko. Listening to the two of them talk and bond, knowing that Mom already loved her daughter from another world, it made Izuku feel joyfully light.

Their time together was limited, however, as the change in their condition meant that they could be discharged from the hospital and return to Heights Alliance. After another tearful goodbye, a promise to visit once the weekend came, and another embarrassing encounter with a very naked Shizuku changing just behind his back, both Midoriyas were shuttled back to UA's campus in Present Mic's car.

Mr. Aizawa, riding in the passenger seat, was comfortable to sit in silence, and Present Mic decided to remain calm for the car ride out, which left the two hero students alone with their thoughts.

It was a real shame that Izuku couldn't handle the same persistent thought from that morning.

The first thing he had seen when he woke up was Shizuku's face, and he could only describe it as beautiful. He was entranced with the way her emerald eyes sparkled with subtle excitement when she noticed he had woken up and how her freckles dotted her cheeks in an innocent fashion. And when her soft lips curled up in an unrestrained, genuine smile, entirely free of the anxiety that normally gripped the both of them in a stranglehold, Izuku couldn't stop himself from enjoying her happiness as much as he could.

Like the worthless *deku* he was, though, his mind just had to ruin it by thinking, *'Do her lips feel as soft as they look?'*

Alone in the car, side by side with Shizuku, that same damn thought crawled through his mind, and he realized how easy it would be to simply lean over and—

“What’s Kacchan like for you?” Izuku interrupted himself.

Shizuku jumped in her seat, and for some strange reason, a light blush bloomed on her cheeks. “W-What?”

“I mean, we both grew up differently, so maybe if Kacchan grew up different—” he started.

“—then she might be different for you! Oh, and our classmates!” she finished.

Izuku nodded rapidly. When Shizuku finally went home, he was definitely going to miss talking with her. She kept up with his thought process like no one ever had done before. Yaoyorozu was close, but she had never finished his sentences like Shizuku did.

The two of them talked about their classmates the whole trip to UA, starting with Bakugou Katsuki and Katsumi, though they were quick to change the subject when they realized that their younger school years were too similar to be spoken within earshot of others.

As identical as the two had been so far, they were both able to find differences in their worlds that surprised and fascinated the both of them. The teachers escorting them remained silent the whole ride, both doing their best to not listen to their students’ private conversation. Neither Midoriya noticed or appeared to care, entirely engrossed in their chatter even after they arrived on campus.

“Woah, he actually confessed that to you?” Shizuku questioned incredulously as she stepped out of Present Mic’s car.

Izuku scooted across the (faux?) leather seats after Shizuku, careful to not put too much distance between them in the process. “Yeah, he said he had some issues getting a refill on his testosterone, so his cycle started up again.”

Shizuku winced in empathy. “Oh no. And of course you noticed, and when you asked where he was hurt—”

“—he spilled everything, yeah.” Izuku sighed. “Why does this keep happening to us?”

His female self frowned, and her gaze fell to the concrete path headed toward Heights Alliance. In a quiet voice, she muttered, “Todoroki, Kirishima, Usagiyama, Hatsume… I don’t know. Someone else would probably blame a Quirk, but…”

“Not for us,” Izuku grumbled. “We didn’t have anything like that.”

Their conversation finally petered out and the two continued their walk in silence for a few minutes.

“Maybe that’s why,” Shizuku mumbled suddenly. “It doesn’t matter if they tell us. We don’t —”

“You do,” Izuku interrupted. He took hold of Shizuku’s hand and squeezed it, causing her to look over to him. “You matter. Even without this Quirk, you’re smart enough to pass UA’s tests and you’re already a hero to so many people. Even me, and we’ve only just met.”

“You caught that, huh?” Shizuku said in a shy tone.

“You know me, and I know you,” he murmured, and his thumb idly brushed against the back of Shizuku’s hand. “I’d trust my teachers with my life, but I would trust you with *everything* .”

Shizuku turned away to hide the blush that developed on her cheeks, yet she did not release his hand. In fact, she adjusted her grip to interlace their fingers together before teasing, “Careful there, Izuku, that almost sounded romantic.”

Izuku laughed lightly. He had to admit, it sort of did. He wasn’t usually very good at anything related to romance, for obvious reasons, so it was nice to know that he could still try that

without slamming face first into a brick pathway.

When both Midoriyas and their teacher finally arrived at the Class A dormitory, Aizawa addressed them without turning away from the front door. “The whole class has been asking about you, as I’m sure you’re aware. I’ve informed them of your condition, but I left most of the details to your discretion. Tell them what you want, just do it fast so we can get the both of you moved into your new room.”

“Thank you, sensei,” the two hero students said in perfect sync.

Aizawa paused for a moment and muttered something no doubt profane under his breath. After cursing whatever god had sent Shizuku across the dimensional divide, their teacher opened the door to class A’s dormitory.

The three of them barely had time to step across the threshold when they were swarmed with nineteen teenagers in varying states of concern, relief, and excitement. More accurately, the two Midoriyas were swarmed.

It was like his second day at UA all over again. They were surrounded instantly and everyone was talking at the same time, each one welcoming Izuku back or talking about how worried they were for him. He heard a couple of people ask about Shizuku, but with everyone shouting and crowding around them, it was difficult to tell who.

All except for one comment.

“What the hell, Midoriya, you were out cold!” Mineta’s almost nasally voice cut through the cacophony. “How did you manage to land a bombshell like her in your sleep?!”

It was then that their composure finally threw up its hands, yelled ‘That’s it, I’m going fishing,’ and abandoned the returning duo. Izuku’s face lit up like a neon red sign and stuttered, “L-Land a—?!”

“—BOMBSHELL??!” Shizuku screeched, her expression of absolute horror and embarrassment matching her male counterpart’s own perfectly.

“We’re not together- / I’m nowhere close to being- / -not *together* -together- / -I mean Yaomono is so much- / -it’s a Quirk thing not something I- / -and just look at Izuku- / -and I’m not complaining she’s very- / -heroic and strong and manly and cute- / -and really she deserves better than- / -and everyone says I’m really plain and weird and- / -besides this isn’t home to her so she needs to- / -I don’t belong here especially next to- / -and what would Mom say if I even- / -no no why would you even say—?”

An explosion tore through their panicked and overlapping rambling, swiftly followed by Kacchan yelling, “GOD DAMMIT, EVERYONE, SHUT THE FUCK UP!”

Kacchan shouldered his way through the crowd of their classmates, pushed Mineta to the floor to step over him, and stomped up to Shizuku with his signature scowl of concentration. He scrutinized the female Deku quickly, his crimson eyes looking her up and down as though searching for any hint of weakness.

Izuku felt himself take a half a step forward, almost putting himself in between Katsuki and Shizuku, but not yet blocking his childhood friend’s glare.

“Why are you here, and why the hell are you Deku?” Kacchan growled after a moment. It didn’t seem accusatory, but after their brawl following the Provisional License Exam, reading his emotions had gotten more complicated.

“Because Kacchan was really smart for her age,” Shizuku said without looking away from Katsuki.

“ *Her* age?” Sero questioned. “Bakugou’s a guy, right?”

“Ours is,” Izuku said, regaining control of the situation. “The Kacchan we know is Katsuki —”

Kacchan visibly recoiled in what might have been disgust. “Christ, that was weird to hear.”

“—and weird to say, I’m so sorry, Kacchan, but it’s a really important difference, among other things, and—”

Shizuku put her hand on Izuku’s shoulder, silencing him instantly. “M-Maybe we should start from the beginning?”

“Right.” Izuku took a calming breath, then stepped back to give Shizuku her current classmates’ focus. “Sorry, go ahead.”

Shizuku cleared her throat before standing up straight and bowing to the class. “Hello, everyone. My name is Midoriya Shizuku, and I’ll be in your care for the time being.”

“Hey!” Ashido shouted from behind the crowd, jumping and waving her arm to be seen. “I didn’t know you had a cute sister, Midori!”

Shizuku blushed and began to stammer incoherently, so Deku took over, holding up his hands in a placating fashion. “She’s not my sister. She’s… well, she’s me. Before I was admitted to the hospital, I was chasing a villain, and they were able to use their Quirk on me. This pulled another version of me from another world completely, one where everyone is the opposite sex.”

“Right. I was raised by my dad, and I’ve known Bakugou Katsumi all my life,” Shizuku continued, emboldened by her male counterpart. “I still have Superpower, just like Izuku, and I’m in Class 1-A at UA’s Hero Course. I was also chasing a version of the villain Izuku was chasing, and she hit *me* with her Quirk, sending me to this world.”

A lull overcame the room as everyone processed what the two Midoriyas had revealed. Tokoyami broke it first with a deadpan voice, “It appears the opposite side of the same coin is more familiar than we had imagined.”

“Oooohh, Deku-kun wasn’t moving rooms, Deku-chan was!” Uraraka exclaimed in revelation. “It’ll be great having another girl in this class!”

Izuku and Shizuku looked at each other awkwardly. “It’s, uh… more complicated than that,” Izuku drawled with unease.

“Yeah, we’re, um… you see, we, uh, we can’t be too far away from each other.” Shizuku stammered.

“The Quirk that affected both of us connected us in a way that we still don’t understand,” Izuku explained, trying not to look at his female classmates as he did so. “We need to stay side by side at all times, or else we’ll fall into another coma. So, until we can find a way to reverse the Quirk, I’ll be moving in with Shizuku on, um… *her* side of the dorms. For her health.”

Their class took a moment to process Izuku’s confession. Before the perverts of their class could react, Hagakure threw up her arms and shouted, “Woohoo! Two girls for the price of one!”

Shizuku snorted, quickly covering her mouth to avoid laughing out loud, while Izuku couldn’t help but flinch in confusion. “What?! I’m not— huh?”

“It seems like you’re an honorary girl now,” his female counterpart teased, lightly elbowing his arm as she did so. “Looks like we were worried for nothing.”

“Are you kidding me?” Ashido cut in. She slipped through their classmates with ease, then spun in between the two Midoriyas and hooked her arms over both of their shoulders. “This is gonna be great! Trust me, I know for a *fact* you’ll look amazing with makeup, Midori! We’ll have a sleepover, watch some horror movies, I’ll teach you how to dance, it’ll be awesome!”

With Ashido separating both Midoriyas, a terrifyingly cold feeling began to seep into their bodies. Tension rose in their cores, like a spring being crushed by heavy weight. Weakness

lingered at the edges of their senses, threatening a much stronger punishment should they separate any further.

Izuku found Shizuku's hand automatically behind Ashido's back. When their fingers touched, the weakness was driven back and the cold fell away. With his palm flush against Shizuku's own, Izuku felt calm and safe, the girl's warmth filling his heart and soul like it belonged nowhere else.

"Ashido, please control your excitement! Midoriya is still recovering from his hospitalization, and we must be respectful of the situation thrust upon him by a villain's Quirk!" Iida scolded with a patented arm chop.

"Heh, thrust," Mineta snickered. Kaminari didn't react to Mineta's joke, too focused on something that slowly shifted his expression into one of confusion.

"Re- *lax* , Prez!" Ashido waved Iida off, sticking her tongue out at him. "I know how to be careful. Besides, Yaomomo can make sure we're not doing something that'll hurt either of them! Ain't that right, Yaomomo?"

Before the heiress could respond, Kaminari finally spoke his thoughts out loud. "Hang on a second. You two said you can't be too far from each other, right? Then what're you going to do about showers? Or the toilet?"

'Dammit, Kaminari, I was just starting to forget about that,' Izuku swore in his head. His mind naturally provided images of Shizuku undressing alongside their female classmates, the porcelain walls of the dorm's showers seemingly dull next to her glistening skin and rippling muscles.

A fiery blush erupted on Izuku's face, and he could feel Shizuku's embarrassment almost as clear as his own. Neither dared to look at each other or their classmates, just as neither of them could find the strength to provide the answer they were both trying to ignore.

"It seems m *onsieur* Midoriya has already done something rather *scandaleux* ," Aoyama teased with his usual sharp smile.

“Oh… my… GOD…!” Ashido whispered loudly. With her arms still wrapped around their shoulders, it was easy for her to pull them closer together, pressing all their heads against one another. Even without looking at her, Izuku could hear the shiteating grin plastered on Ashido’s face. “You two went that far with each other already? And before marriage! Iida’s going to be *so* disappointed in both of you!”

Shizuku squirmed out of Ashido’s grip and separated her from Izuku before putting him behind her. “A-Ashido, please, you’re making it sound worse than it is! It isn’t any different than you and the other girls showering together, honest!”

“It is different!” Mineta shrieked, shaking his fists at Izuku. “She won’t even have to join you later in nothing but a hand towel!”

“It’s really not like that, Mineta. The things you look at won’t happen here,” Izuku affirmed. “We’re both Midoriya, and we’ll be cleaning ourselves just like we always have. And just because I’m staying on the women’s side of the dorms doesn’t mean I have to shower with them as well.”

“That wouldn’t be so bad, anyway,” Jirou said offhandedly.

As quiet as her comment was, it found the perfect time in the conversation to be heard clearly by the whole class. Like a single consciousness, everyone turned to look at Jirou. She adopted a ‘deer in the headlights’ look immediately and her cheeks were swiftly colored crimson.

“Shit…!” she swore. Her jacks curled around themselves, her shameful embarrassment tying her stomach and Quirk in knots. Several times, she opened her mouth to explain herself, or refute what everyone had heard her say, but no words came out.

“Midoriyaaaa!!” Mineta and Kaminari shouted in lament.

Izuku felt lightheaded and distant. His blood had no idea where it should go. Should it rush to his face as it had countless times before thanks to Shizuku? Should it drain all color from his face instead, the shock and confusion rattling his consciousness loose? Perhaps it should head down his body instead, drawing upon the images of Shizuku and Jirou standing within a shower stall together, beckoning him inside.

"Hold on, everyone, Jirou makes a good point!" Yaoyorozu stated loudly, the natural authority her voice carried drawing everyone's attention easily.

"What the *fuck* do you mean 'I have a good point'?!" Jirou hissed.

Yaoyorozu approached the two Midoriyas and stood beside them, gesturing to them for emphasis. "As it stands, Midoriya and Midoriya are incapable of being separated without hurting them severely. They still must be able to take care of themselves, including using the showers to get clean after class. This cannot be avoided, which means they must use one of the two showers this dormitory has."

Ojiro stepped out from his place in the crowd behind Satou. "If Shizuku has to shower with Izuku, wouldn't that make her shower with the guys?"

"A girl in—?!" Mineta started. He was swiftly silenced by a line of tape covering his mouth and pulling him out of the crowd from behind.

"Precisely, and I have no doubt that Midoriya would not be comfortable with that," Yaoyorozu continued. "This leaves us with no other option except to allow Midoriya to use our showers instead."

"I could—" Izuku started. He was swiftly silenced by Ashido pulling him into another side hug.

"You know, I'd be cool with that," the pink hero student said with a grin. "If anyone would be cool in the showers, it'd be Midori."

“Y-Yeah! That’s what I meant,” Jirou added. She kept her focus on manually untangling her jacks as she continued, “Out of anyone here, I’d trust Green the most to be respectful, even in that kind of situation.”

Tsuyu croaked as she thought for a moment. “I would, too. Izu-chan wouldn’t do anything creepy, or take advantage of us.”

Uraraka murmured something under her breath, her permanent blush growing in size slowly. She balled up her fists, clenched her eyes shut, and declared, “Deku-kun won’t ever hurt us! If he needs our shower room, he deserves it!”

“Wow, and I was only joking when I called you an honorary girl, Midori,” Hagakure confessed. With slightly exaggerated motions, she rubbed the back of her neck, wiggling a little to work out some of her embarrassing regret. “I’d trust you like I would all my girl friends, so that kinda makes you a girl friend too, doesn’t it?”

“I guess?” Izuku felt himself respond. It was a wonder he was still conscious. Or perhaps Shizuku was holding him up. It was a miracle either way.

Yaoyorozu nodded. “Then it’s settled. By unanimous vote, Midoriya will be moving to the women’s side of the dorms, and he will use our facilities until further notice.”

“Good, one less problem to deal with,” Aizawa sighed.

Izuku and Shizuku jumped at his voice. They had forgotten he was still skulking behind them, as did most of the class, who visibly startled as well.

“Work on your situational awareness,” their teacher scolded. He leaned against the front door to the dorms and crossed his arms, his judgemental gaze passing over everyone slowly. “Yaoyorozu, work with Midoriya to come up with a schedule so that is no overlap.”

Yaoyorozu blinked owlishly for a moment. For some reason, her cheeks gained a pink tint. “Right. Schedule. To avoid overlap. So we’re not showering at the same time as Midoriya. Of course, sensei.”

Aizawa ignored Yaoyorozu’s odd behavior and turned his attention to the two Midoriyas. “The robots have already set up your new room. You’re free to decorate it however you like, following the same rules that are in place for your former room, just don’t forget that it’s temporary. If there are any problems, let me know.”

“Yes, sensei,” both of them replied in sync.

Ashido backed away from the duo, her wide black eyes quickly flicking between them. “Woah. That’s gonna take some getting used to.”

“Also, both of you are excused from all practical exercises until further notice,” their teacher added casually.

Once again, the two Midoriyas shouted at the same time. “WHAT?!”

“But Sensei, we’re both feeling perfectly healthy—” Izuku started.

“—and we still have our Quirks—” Shizuku continued.

“—plus we can work together—”

“—and we can’t afford to lose any more time, not after—”

“Enough,” Aizawa barked and flashed his Quirk at the arguing twins. His burning red eyes forced both of their mouths to shut with a *click* before he blinked and continued his orders. “You just came out of a *coma* , Midoriya, and if you’re not careful, you can easily slip right back *into* one.”

Someone gasped behind them, and they felt the room drop a few degrees in temperature. The dangerous chill that still clung to their hearts laughed, and phantom pains prickled their skin. Even with their fingers intertwined, they could still remember how close they had already come to falling apart on their first day awake.

Their teacher kept talking in a firm tone of voice, his authoritative glare bouncing between his student and his displaced counterpart. “I will not allow either of you to do something that will put you back in the hospital until *both* of you have been cleared by Recovery Girl and the hero in charge of investigating the villain that sent Shizuku here. That means neither of you will participate in heroic activities until further notice, both in school and outside of it. Am I clear?”

Izuku clenched his jaw to silence his protests. Realistically, he knew Eraserhead was right. If a hug from Ashido was all it took for the Quirk to start biting at them, they’d never be able to avoid its frosty burn when using One for All: Full Cowling. If they lost the strength to stand on different elevations, it would spell disaster for both him and Shizuku.

“Yes, sensei,” Shizuku murmured defeatedly.

Izuku squeezed Shizuku’s hand in support. He wanted to apologize to her for ruining her routine. He wanted to beg for her forgiveness for making her lose out on precious training she should have been making up after years of being Quirkless.

Eraserhead nodded. “The rest of the day is yours. Unless there’s a development in your condition, you’re expected to join the rest of the class tomorrow. Dismissed.”

Their teacher finally turned away from the class and left Heights Alliance. Some of their classmates started talking to the identical hero students again, some offering words of concern while others asking about Shizuku’s world and her classmates.

Izuku couldn’t focus on anything but the hollow tone hidden behind Shizuku’s falsely confident voice.

He had to make it up to her. Somehow.

The rest of Shizuku's day rushed by her, and she hardly felt present for any of it. Izuku's classmates —so similar to her own, yet different in an uncanny way— asked her plenty of questions to distract her from the devastating blow she dealt to her male counterpart. Much of her answers were automatic, oozing from her lips like sludge imitating human interaction.

She knew she needed to pay more attention to the version of Class A she'll be staying with for a time, but Shizuku couldn't focus on any of it.

The only thing that occupied her mind was Izuku's frustrated, despondent expression.

He tried to hide it, of course, and as far as Shizuku could tell, no one had noticed that Eraserhead's decision still weighed heavily upon the green-haired boy even as evening time rapidly approached. Shizuku might not have noticed either, if she hadn't seen the exact same hints of his true feelings she had long since learned to cover up.

Of course, the displaced girl could hardly fault Izuku for his indignation. While everyone else in their class was practicing and playing with the Quirks they had been born with, the dimensional twins had spent years desperately trying to awaken *anything* that would prevent them from being the useless Dekus they were. They were *years* behind everyone at UA when it came to Quirk control, and they needed every moment of practice and instruction they could get.

Shizuku had stolen that very time Izuku needed to catch up to his classmates. Somehow, she *had* to make it up to him.

Ideas for *how* she could give him back the time he had lost were few and far between, and before she knew it, Uraraka had informed the two of them that they should occupy the female showers first. The rest of her friends worked together to all but frog-march Izuku into the changing room, ignoring his protests the whole way.

Finally, Shizuku was alone with Izuku. They sat back to back on a wooden bench, both of them silently staring at the clean towels UA had provided the women. Neither had bothered to remove their uniform, both caught up in their thoughts.

The silence finally got to Shizuku, and she blurted out, “I’m sorry.”

Her apology echoed the moment it left her mouth, and she took a moment to realize that Izuku had said the same thing at the same time. She turned in her seat, and their legs bumped into one another’s.

“What? Why are you—?” Again, they were in sync.

The duo stared at each other for a moment. Then they started laughing lightly.

“Right,” Izuku muttered with a grin. “Still me. You, uh, you were going to apologize for messing up my routine, huh?”

Shizuku looked away to hide her embarrassed smirk. “To be fair, it was easy for me to see how upset you were with Aizawa’s decision. If I hadn’t gotten myself tethered to you, you would have been able to join everyone in Heroics.”

“And if *I* hadn’t gotten myself tethered to *you* , *you* would have been able to join everyone in Heroics,” Izuku pointed out. He bumped his shoulder against Shizuku’s gently, drawing her attention back to him. “We’re in this together, Shizuku. Maybe we can figure out a way to expand how far we can separate. And, when we get cleared for Heroics again, you and I can show everyone what we can *really* do!”

Shizuku couldn’t help but smile brightly. They already had improved upon their connection once before, and having a second opinion regarding One for All would undoubtedly make wrangling the Quirk significantly easier. “Yeah, you’re right! We’ll train even harder than before, and we can help each other work out even better!”

A thought occurred to both of them simultaneously. “Synchronized Quirk training.”

Izuku laughed to himself, clapping his hands excitedly. “Oh my god, yes! You know how it feels, you know how it’s supposed to feel—”

“—and how it feels when something is going wrong, oh my god, I’ve *never* been able to explain that!” Shizuku bounced in place, unable to fully contain her excited anticipation.

“Exactly!” Izuku put his hands together in a prayer pose and feigned a look of immense pain. “All Might, I thank you for my life, but *why* do you have to be so perfect with this?”

Shizuku laughed and slapped her thigh. “I know, right?! Oh, what was it she said… ‘Clench your buttcheeks, kid,—’”

“‘—and yell this from the depths of your heart…!’”

“**SMASH!**”

Their combined shout echoed through the small changing room for a moment as not-so-distant memories played through their heads.

“And then we broke our everything because our heart was much deeper than our buttcheeks,” Izuku joked.

That was the final straw for Shizuku, and she burst out laughing. She doubled over, clutching her stomach as her laughter grew entirely unrestrained. Izuku was quick to join in her laughter, and in moments, the two were howling with joy together.

Shizuku’s cheeks hurt, her face had grown hot with exertion and excitement, and she could do little more than gasp for breath once her laughter had petered out. She rested her head against Izuku’s broad shoulder as she regained control of her breathing, and she felt her smile

widen even further when Izuku allowed himself to lean into her as well. His happy coos lightened her heart, and their hands found each other once again, their arms brushing against one another in a comforting fashion.

She could have stayed in that moment, pressed up against Izuku, for hours on end. To feel his firm strength, to hear his contented murmurs and babbling, to embrace the warmth he was always willing to give anyone who needed it; the student heroine was already hooked on Izuku's presence and joy. What she would give to bask in his happiness for just a little longer…

As they both raised their heads from one another, Izuku's shining emerald eyes found Shizuku's own sharp green. His cheeks were colored the same crimson that decorated her own, yet his smile remained unburdened and free from the anxiety that normally plagued the both of them.

For a moment, Shizuku wondered to herself, *'Why does his smile look even more beautiful than All Might's?'*

Her thoughts were scattered when Izuku whispered, "We probably should take our showers now. We shouldn't keep the girls waiting."

Shizuku blinked. How could she forget that? "R-Right. Duh. Sorry."

"No no, I'm sorry for…" Izuku trailed off before shaking his head. "Nevermind. Let's not go down that loop again."

"Right." Shizuku chuckled, then rose to her feet.

When the two had changed from their hospital gowns into their UA uniforms, it was an immensely awkward situation. She was acutely aware that a very muscular and cute boy was naked just behind her, and all he had to do was turn around to view her own exposed body. She knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Izuku wouldn't have dared to attempt anything that could hurt or embarrass Shizuku, but the mere concept was enough to make her hands shake with fear and self consciousness.

After their moment filled with mirth, however, Shizuku found undressing to be much easier. She knew that Izuku was in the same predicament, and he would stop at nothing to ensure that she felt safe, happy, and strong. He wouldn't do anything weird when her shirt slipped from her shoulders and fell to a gathering pile of clothing beside her, and he would be more than happy to grant her the respect and privacy she needed when her pants slid down her legs and pooled at her bare feet.

Even still, she felt her hands hesitate the moment she gripped the clasp of her bra. Something primal whispered in the back of her mind, reminding her that she was about to expose such a private part of herself in the same room as a boy that she cared about. Unwarranted thoughts and warnings rose up from the depths of her anxious mind, and a memory she dared not to think about again threatened to resurface.

Shizuku shook her head to dispel it all. Izuku wasn't like anyone she had ever met before, boy or girl or otherwise. If she could trust anyone to handle her at her most vulnerable…

The clasp came undone. Her bra opened up and the cool air of the changing room kissed at her nipples. She tried not to think about it, instead choosing to toss it into the pile from before and quickly slip her panties down her legs before it, too, could delay her any further.

When she heard the nearly inaudible *fwump* of Izuku's boxers hitting the floor, (the consequence of such a sound teasing the very edge of her imagination,) Shizuku turned and kept her gaze locked onto the shower room ahead of them. She couldn't bring herself to look at Izuku when he was just as exposed and vulnerable as she was. Not without his permission.

As the two worked together to gather the supplies they needed to clean themselves, —both of them being very careful to avoid looking in each other's direction— Izuku spoke up. "Y-You know, we'll probably need to take turns with a single shower head, considering how close we need to stay. And if we need to be so close anyway, do you think it would be…"

He trailed off, and Shizuku could envision him muttering silently as he desperately worked through his entire vocabulary to find the words he wanted to say out loud.

Thankfully, he didn't need to. "Do you think it would be best if we helped each other wash up?"

"Y-Yeah, that!" Izuku stammered. "I mean, I don't know if it would be *best* , and I know this is really weird to bring up at all, but—"

"No, not at all!" Shizuku interrupted. She risked a glance at Izuku and found him fussing over a bottle of conditioner. His bare back flexed and rippled subtly, the tension that was swiftly growing in his form rising to visible levels. She tore her eyes off his muscles and continued, "You make a good point. We need to be close, and our tether always likes it when we're touching each other. It only makes sense that we could handle our bond and make sure we get clean everywhere at the same time."

Izuku let out a breath of relief. "Yes, exactly! Do you want to—?"

"No no, you go first," Shizuku said quickly. "I can wait, and my hair takes longer to do than yours."

Her male counterpart hesitated, no doubt instinctively primed to refuse Shizuku's generosity, but thankfully he remained quiet.

Together, the two Midoriyas entered the women's shower room and made their way to one of the shower heads. It took a little bit of finesse and experimentation, but they were able to set up and begin showering. Izuku stood beneath the water first, quickly running through a shower routine that started to give Shizuku a vague sense of deja vu.

She couldn't allow herself to get distracted by the uncanny feeling, however. She had to apply body wash to Izuku's exposed and very muscular back. The water ran down each crease and made all of the muscles he had religiously maintained glisten in a tantalizing fashion.

If she were anyone else, Shizuku might have caught herself drooling as she scrubbed the young man's back.

But she wasn't. She was him. And she could see what no one else dared to ask about as though they were still fresh.

Her fingers ghosted across the three long scars that ran down his shoulder blade, the consequences of classmates who couldn't understand how dangerous their Quirk really was.

"Are they that visible?"

Shizuku startled and pulled her hand away. "Wh— Oh, uh, no, they're really not. No one's asked about them before. You know Kirishima would have."

Izuku forced out a chuckle. "Yeah. He'd probably say how 'manly' the scars look. Does he— sorry, she— does she say the same thing? Or 'womanly'?"

"N-No, she still says manly," Shizuku giggled. She pulled her eyes away from the ancient scars and returned to applying suds to Izuku's back. "It's a mindset, not tied to any gender. She's always saying how manly I am, and she means that I'm really cool. At least to her."

"Does it bother you?" Izuku asked after a moment.

"What?"

Izuku didn't look at Shizuku, focusing instead on his own legs as he continued. "Does it bother you when she calls you manly?"

Shizuku didn't answer. She knew what she had to say. Kirishima was one of her best friends, and would stop at nothing to support her friends. Her "sisters" and her "brothers" kept her smiling that sharp, toothy smile of hers. Kirishima would never insult her, and she might even throw herself off a roof if she ever learned that she hurt anyone's feelings.

She had to say that it didn't bother her. She had to say that Kirishima always makes everything better.

"Why do you ask?" she says instead.

Izuku rose and turned to look at Shizuku. His perceptive emerald eyes captured her own boring green eyes easily, and she nearly choked on the maelstrom of empathy, concern, and compassion that he did nothing to hide.

Oh yeah, Shizuku thought in defeat and looked away. *He knows me. I can't lie to him.*

I don't want to lie to him.

Izuku stepped away from the water and gestured for Shizuku to step forward. When she did so, she took a moment to embrace the feeling of the hot water running down her body. A deep chill set within her hissed in protest at the warmth and slunk away from her skin. It settled heavily within her and only faded away when she felt Izuku's calluses scraping against her bare back.

The way his hands loosened her muscles and injected such a comforting warmth right into her body made her feel weak with trust and comfort for just a moment. That moment of weakness was all it took for her mouth to open once more. "Maybe a little. It's always nice to hear that I'm being a hero. I know I'm strong, and I'm doing pretty good in our classes, but…"

"…but?" Izuku coaxed. His gnarled right hand fell to her lower back and settled there, too distracted by Shizuku's incomplete sentence to continue scrubbing her.

"I don't know, am I being weird?" Shizuku blurted out. "Every time she calls me 'manly', I know she means that I'm really cool and heroic, and I know she means it as a compliment, but I'm not a man like you. Your scars and your muscles make you really handsome and strong, and I'm just some girl who made too many stupid mistakes because I wasn't fast enough. Todoroki at least looks like a piece of artwork, she can make her scar work."

Shizuku leaned forward, resting both her hands against the tile wall and allowing the water to run down her back and face. Her eyes burned with ancient emotions, and she couldn't stop running her mouth. "I'm not tall, I'm not soft, I'm not sexy, I'm not pretty or unique and I gave myself that ugly scar because I wasn't f-fucking strong enough to stop Muscular on my own, and she STILL calls me 'manly' when I'm not even half as manly as you, and—!"

"Shizuku!" Izuku's bark cut through her spiral and forced her mouth to slam shut. He gripped her arm tightly and spun her around to look her in the eyes. Tears threatened to spill out from his familiar emerald eyes, even as an insulted anger burned brightly within them. "Stop comparing yourself to other people! You don't need to be like them to be prettier, you're already beautiful!"

"W-What?" Shizuku felt her heart skip a beat and her face lit up a deep crimson. Her stomach began to tie itself in knots as Izuku's words bounced around her skull like an echo trapped in a tiny cave. "Y-You don't have to l-lie to—"

Izuku's own blush nearly rivaled hers, practically erasing his adorable freckles with how bright it was. Even still, he clenched his jaw out of frustration and visibly forced his words out of him. "I'm not lying, dammit! From the moment I woke up to you, I thought you were the most beautiful girl in the world, a-and I know that sounds really creepy, considering I'm you and you're me, but it's the truth! Your gorgeous green eyes that shine when you're excited, your cute freckles framing your cute face, your strong body that you're still so gentle with, you're *perfect!* "

Shizuku wasn't breathing. How could she when a man as handsome and strong and compassionate as Izuku had just yelled how beautiful she was right to her face? At first, her brain automatically screamed that he was lying right to her face, just like everyone else that teased her around Valentine's Day. He was just trying to make her feel better, to stop her from crying and being annoying, obviously.

Except he wasn't. Tears ran down his face freely, his emotions overwhelming him even as he forced himself to speak the guilty, selfish truth he believed in. Shizuku could feel his hands shaking with fear as he gripped her arms, and a dangerous cocktail of shame, regret, anger, and something she dare not name just yet swirled in his beautiful green eyes. Izuku wanted nothing more than to run until he collapsed to escape from the hatred he was expecting from her, yet he stood still, demanding Shizuku to see herself not as a weak Deku, but a young woman he must be yearning to kiss.

She couldn't deny it. The most handsome boy in the world saw *her* as the most beautiful girl in the world.

Shizuku couldn't stop her body from moving on its own.

Her lips crashed into Izuku's, and instantly she felt a bolt of lightning race down her spine. Her teeth clicked painfully against his, pinching their lips together, but she couldn't care. She felt overwhelmed by his warmth and the softness of his lips, and she could barely taste something distinctly Izuku at the very edge of her senses.

She was addicted to the sensation instantly. She needed to kiss Izuku more, she *needed* to taste his love and share her own with him. Her heart felt as though it was going to burst if she didn't share her very soul with Izuku and feel his affection returned.

And then they broke away from each other. Both Midoriyas gasped for breath, both of them staring wide-eyed at each other for what felt like an eternity.

"I-I'm sorry," Shizuku stuttered. She couldn't stop herself from licking her suddenly very dry lips. "I don't… I don't know why I did that, I'm so sorry."

Izuku didn't respond. He just kept staring at her, completely unresponsive.

'Nice going, you stupid fucking bitch,' Shizuku roared in her own mind. She turned away from Izuku to hide the tears that flowed freely from her. *'He was worried about you, and you forced yourself on him. You* broke *him, and now he's going to hate you, and he can't even get away from you because of this stupid, stupid Quirk that was all your fault.'*

"You're welcome…?" Izuku murmured dumbly.

Shizuku sighed and returned to her shower. Once he could pay attention again, she'll need to apologize for ruining what they had together.

Shizuku kissed him.

Izuku had her trapped in the shower room that he wasn't even allowed to be in and forced her to hear his gross, self-centered confession when she was most vulnerable.

And instead of beating him unconscious…

…she kissed him.

She had slammed her lips into his own in such a desperate way, squeezing her eyes shut to plunge herself deep within the kiss itself, and he felt her shiver perfectly in time with the lightning bolt that raced down his spine. If he had known what was coming, he, too, would have closed his eyes to enjoy the kiss for as long as it lasted.

Hours later, Izuku could still taste her. The memory played on loop over and over again in his mind and tried to salvage every last sensation he could burn into his brain. He couldn't think of anything but the kiss, even if he tried.

Was it wrong to enjoy it so much? Was it wrong of him that he wanted more?

They were the same person. Both of them had One for All, both of them were raised by Inko and Hisashi Midoriya, so they were practically siblings. If anyone else had seen them kiss, it would have ruined Shizuku's life forever.

Izuku couldn't want her. He couldn't hurt her so badly.

But he did. He was addicted to her lips after their first, and only, touch.

His obsessive spiral was shattered when he heard Shizuku sniffle behind him. Back to back, they had tried to give each other as much room as they could without either of them falling off the bed.

“Shizuku?” Izuku whispered.

“I’m sorry,” she blubbered.

His heart clenched painfully. He rolled over and barely stopped himself from touching her shoulder when he noticed she curled up into herself just a little tighter.

Without looking at him, she continued her apology. “I’m so sorry. You were trying to make me feel better, and I know you really believed it. You… you really think I’m pretty, don’t you?”

“Yeah. You’re absolutely gorgeous,” Izuku confessed naturally.

“No one’s ever said that to me before. I didn’t think anyone would ever think of me like that.”

Izuku shifted closer to Shizuku and prayed that she could still feel comfort from his presence, if only because of the Quirk that bound them together. “I know. Everyone still calls me plain. It’s better than what we had heard in middle school, at least.”

“They have no idea. You’re not plain. You’re not boring or weird.” Finally, she rolled over to look him in the eyes. Her beautiful emerald eyes shone with unshed tears in the darkness, and her fragile smile quickly cemented itself in Izuku’s memories. “You’re really, really handsome. You have such a cute face, but you look so confident and powerful when you go

into Hero Mode. You're strong and broad, and you're still so gentle. You're everything All Might would want in a successor. You're *perfect* , Izuku."

Izuku swallowed and prayed that Shizuku couldn't hear his heart doing backflips in his chest. Never before had he imagined someone as wonderful and beautiful as Shizuku would think little old Deku would look good without making fun of him around Valentine's Day. With how sad and fragile Shizuku looked, though, he knew for a fact that she wasn't trying to hurt him.

The most beautiful girl in the world saw *him* as the most handsome boy in the world.

"So you kissed me," Izuku stated.

Shizuku looked down in shame. "I just moved. I didn't even think about it. You're *stuck* with me, and you can't say no, and I still kissed you."

There were any number of things Izuku could have said. He knew he should have told his female self that she hadn't ruined their friendship, and that he wasn't angry with her. He should have told her that they couldn't ever kiss again or they might get expelled. He could have told her how All Might or their mother could react to their love for one another.

But he didn't. He didn't want that.

He wanted Shizuku.

Izuku leaned forward with purpose, closed his eyes, and pressed his lips to Shizuku's for the second time that evening.

Shizuku's unique taste instantly burned itself deep in Izuku's mind. The heat that came off her face and lips felt like a thick, soft blanket that sang for him to bury his face deeper within it. The way their lips locked together, perfectly flush with one another like they were made to do nothing else, it made Izuku feel drunk off the sensation.

He couldn't stop the smile that bloomed on his face as he broke away from the stunned young woman he was sharing a bed with. "I wouldn't have said no anyway."

Shizuku blinked awkwardly. Her eyes jumped down to Izuku's lips, then back up to his eyes.

"Thanks…?" she murmured dumbly.

Izuku quirked an eyebrow. He waited for her brain to reset in three… two… one…

Shizuku lunged at him, and this time, he was ready. Their lips locked together like magnets as Shizuku pulled the two of them together, unable to control her addiction to his touch. Her arms wrapped around Izuku's shoulders and pressed her entire body against his own and intertwined their legs. He could feel her breasts squishing against him and he wondered if she could feel his heart hammering in his chest.

Driven by naught but instinct, he hugged Shizuku closely with his arms around her middle. When she pushed against him, he pushed back, if only to bring himself that tiny bit closer to her and her perfect affection.

Izuku felt Shizuku break the kiss to take a quick breath, and that mere instant was enough for Izuku to miss her touch. He pressed forward and captured her lips once more while he clung to the back of Shizuku's night shirt desperately.

She hummed with pleasure, her audible moan muffled only by the contact between their lips. Her bare legs rubbed against his own as they hooked around them and pulled her tighter against Izuku's body. She rubbed her chest against Izuku, messing up both of their shirts until they had ridden up enough for the lowest part of their abdomen to touch.

When skin touched skin, something hot and alluring lanced through the both of them. They shuddered and couldn't contain the moan the sensation caused. It felt right, being connected like they were. The hollow chill that threatened them both was nowhere to be found. It felt as though it was replaced with something uniquely Shizuku, a green lightning storm that

ricocheted around Izuku's body and filled him with even more strength than One for All had ever given him.

He felt full to bursting with love for the woman he was kissing, and he *needed* to share it with her.

Before Izuku could react, Shizuku rolled on top of him, holding his head in place and kissing him deeply once more. She kissed him over and over and over again, and he did everything he could to return every single kiss. His hands slid down her back and settled on her sides. Her bare skin felt so soft beneath his fingers, and he felt stomach quivering as she panted against his lips with a love-drunk need.

Shizuku arched her back just a little bit, lifting her torso off of Izuku's and lowering her—

Izuku's eyes shot open. He could feel how warm she was. He could feel how *wet* she was. His dick pulsed at the realization, trying to harden even further than it already had become.

And Shizuku felt it. She squeaked in surprise and threw herself off of Izuku in a panic. This, of course, caused her to lose her balance and fall off the bed completely. "WoaHOLY—!"

With their legs entangled, her attempt to back off of Izuku only brought him into her trouble as well. He gripped her arm to try to pull her back onto the bed, but she was too far gone, and the two of them crashed to the floor in a heap.

The two were quick to extract themselves from each other, then both of them took two steps away from each other. They stared at one another, both of their faces beet red, both of them panting with lust and exertion, both of them trying to make their brain work once more.

The Midoriya Luck didn't want to wait, however. In their rush to separate themselves, their clothes had gotten quite frumpled and pulled in all directions. The shorts Izuku had chosen as his nighttime attire had slipped from his waistline, finally decided to stop caring about modesty, and promptly fell to his ankles.

A slight chill pierced through his boxers and brushed against his raging hard-on as it tried to muscle its way through the—

Izuku crouched and pulled himself into a tight ball. Of all the times to pants yourself, that had to be the *worst* possible time.

But Shizuku didn't laugh. She stared at Izuku and her mouth fell open slowly. Izuku could only imagine what sorts of thoughts were running through her head— what sorts of thoughts he hoped were teasing her— until she finally shook her head violently and turned away from him.

"W-We should get some sleep."

"Right!" Izuku squeaked. He cleared his throat and stood up slowly. With Shizuku's back turned, he was able to rearrange his *equipment* and pull his pants back up before trying to speak again. "Yeah. We need to sleep. Tomorrow, we can…"

He trailed off. After what they had just done, could they really just go to class like nothing happened?

"…we can talk about tonight?" Shizuku tried. She looked over her shoulder with a shy smile.

"You know what, yeah. We can talk about this in the morning," Izuku agreed.

"Okay," his female self breathed in an almost excited fashion.

"Yeah," Izuku agreed. Again.

The two stared at each other for a few moments longer.

“So, are you coming back to bed, or…?”

“Ack, right, sorry!”

Both Midoriyas settled into their shared bed once more, but this time, they didn’t leave any gap between them. Shizuku backed herself against Izuku, and Izuku wrapped himself around Shizuku. They were flush with one another, perfectly content, and their happiness brought sleep to them quickly.

Just before Izuku lost the chance to, he lowered his head and pressed his lips against the back of Shizuku’s neck. “Goodnight, Shizuku.”

Shizuku pushed back against his kiss as though she was trying to return it happily. “Goodnight, Zuku.”

Together, they dreamed.

This is only the beginning, Nine. Good luck.

Chapter 3: Two Hearts Becoming One

Chapter Notes

Hope y'all like this chapter, my mate cooked up some *good shit* for this one!

Awareness came to Shizuku slowly. The detached sensations of the dreamscape crumbled away, and the warmth of a brand new day seeped in to replace it. It wrapped itself around her completely like a thick heated blanket, and its heat pierced through her entire body with ease.

The warmth that had been trapped by the blanket that still covered her couldn't hold a candle to the heat that she could feel coming off the boy pressed against her back. His firm chest rose and fell with every calm breath he took, and the way his legs were hooked around her own in a needy way caused a smile to grow on her face.

For the first time in a very, very long time, Shizuku felt *wanted* . She was comfortable, she was safe, and she was truly loved.

She wanted nothing more than to close her eyes again and bask in Izuku's love until he eventually woke up, but something teased the edges of her awareness. A tightness in her chest asked her heart to beat faster. A piercing heat crawled down her body, and she felt a painfully familiar emptiness grow within her core.

Without her anxiety tearing at her happiness, she was easily able to recognize the feeling, especially as this was the second day in a row she had felt it. For the second day in a row, fleeting images of Izuku with his rippling muscles soaked with water and lightning danced around her memory. She knew how he felt against her skin, she knew how gentle his affection would be and how strong he could get.

But how would he feel underneath her body? How would he feel *inside* of her body?

Shizuku bit her lower lip and tightened her thighs. She already felt herself growing hot and wet in preparation for something that could never happen. Her stomach wound itself in knots, begging for something strong and hard to fill it to the brim.

From the brief touch she had felt the previous night, Izuku absolutely could fill her up completely. The way he had throbbed against her panties nearly convinced her to tear it off completely, if only so that she could feel him in the burning hot emptiness that taunted her now. How she would clench around him until he painted her womb with love and desire. Would he touch her as he did so? Would he hold her hand, or would his fingers press into her breast, his calluses gently scraping across her nipple until she cried out, only for him to silence her with a delicious kiss and—

Shizuku gasped as her imagination shattered. As she had curled tighter into herself, her body naturally gravitated closer to Izuku. She pressed herself harder against him until she felt something press back.

Through the shorts she had borrowed from Izuku, from the panties gifted to her by Yaomomo, she felt *him* . She felt how hard he was. He strained against his pants, and his tent aligned perfectly with Shizuku's most sensitive area.

She felt herself press harder against Izuku, and a wave of pleasure rolled through her body. He was so *close* to her, she could feel his heat kissing her lower lips. Her hips rolled on their own, rubbing Izuku's bulge along her clothed opening.

"Ah…~" she moaned quietly. She felt lightheaded, she felt disgusting, she felt empty and needy and hot and horny. She had to stop. She had to wake Izuku and get away from him.

She had to feel his cock just one more time.

Shizuku grinded herself against his throbbing bulge again and again, each time throwing a new wave of excitement and pleasure through her body. She bit her hand to stifle the moans that slipped from her lips with each roll of her hips. Something deep within her core tightened like a spring being wound up painfully slowly.

Her hands fell to her hips and began to push her pants down her thighs, getting that damn fabric out of the way so she could feel his heat more directly, and she nearly cried out when his cock rubbed against her soaked panties through his boxers.

"I-Izuku~" she moaned as quietly as she could. The ecstasy from rubbing herself against him made everything feel fuzzy and far away. The spring inside of her tightened with every roll of her hips, every pulse of need she felt coming from the boy she loved.

As the spring tightened, so too did her actions. She pressed harder against Izuku, her mind conjuring images of him tearing through his boxers and plunging deep within—

Izuku's hand grabbed her breast and squeezed.

Shizuku nearly screamed in surprise, a sound that swiftly turned into an audible moan as she felt Izuku press his bulge *hard* into her panties. He kissed her neck roughly and began to knead her breast, having thrown all his anxiety to the wind.

More waves of pleasure crashed through Shizuku. Every time she grinded herself against Izuku, he thrust against her as well and forced another moan from her lips. She felt weak from his attention, so hot and tingly and she could hardly think of anything and the spring inside of her tightened and tightened.

She felt his other hand wrap around her middle and brush against her bare skin. His fingers slid down her abdomen and his nails hooked underneath the top of her panties and scraped against her sensitive pelvis and it all became too much.

The spring finally snapped, and she cried out in sheer bliss. Her body quivered from the pleasure that roared throughout her. She had never experienced an orgasm as raw and as blinding as the one that ripped through her in that moment, and she knew she would never forget the feeling for as long as she lived.

Far too soon, her climax had run its course and left her panting. She was exhausted and hot and ashamed and still damn horny. The emptiness still lingered, unsatisfied with the electricity that touched all of her nerves but the ones that mattered.

She needed more.

Izuku released her breast and pulled his hands away from her, completely ignorant of the frustration that ignited from his respect. Shizuku felt him take a breath to say something to her, either an apology for acting without her consent or being concerned because of how she had acted.

Shizuku decided not to give him the chance. She rolled over and cast the blanket they had shared off of her. She planted her hands on Izuku's shoulders and stared down at him, panting with equal parts need and exertion. She watched his brilliant emerald eyes widen and the sharp blush that decorated his cheeks darken. She could feel his muscles tightening with anticipation even as confusion clouded his expression.

"Would you hate me if I said I needed more?" Shizuku asked desperately.

His bulge twitched.

"Would you say no if I said I needed you?" Shizuku cooed.

Izuku swallowed.

"Would you stop me if I tore your pants right off your body?" Shizuku whispered.

"No," Izuku finally answered.

One for All flooded Shizuku's body all at once, instantly chasing away the exhaustion that tried to cling to her awareness. Before she could question herself, her hands had already found the brim of Izuku's night pants and tore it in two.

Finally released from their claustrophobic prison, Izuku's member sprung free and slapped against Shizuku's pelvis. It throbbed with intoxicating need, its heat penetrating Shizuku's abdomen easily and making her nethers whine with desire.

Shizuku couldn't help but stare at his penis, and every thought she could have had drained away from her to make room for more lust. Ever so slowly, she brought her hands together around Izuku's cock. She felt it throb against her fingers and strain to harden even further than it already had. His supple sheath made the edges feel gentle and soft, even as the muscles within boasted a firm strength that could massage the walls of her pussy with loving ferocity. Plastic could never compare to the addicting heat within her hands.

"I-It's not weird, is it?" Izuku whined.

Shizuku's attention snapped back to Izuku's face, concern immediately cutting through the love-drunk haze that filled her head. She watched as his expressive green eyes jumped between his own equipment and Shizuku's expression, and anxiety visibly began to creep into his head.

She collapsed on top of Izuku and captured him with a deep, desperate kiss, one he was eager to return. She buried her hands in his fluffy dark green hair and kept him still as her lips crashed into his own over and over. Shizuku rubbed herself against Izuku's body and selfishly grinded his cock into her abdomen.

Izuku did not allow his hands to go idle. With Shizuku holding his head, he was free to return all of her kisses while his hands slid up her sides. They hooked underneath her shirt and pulled it up until they bunched up just above Shizuku's breasts.

She could barely stifle her needy whine as the not-as-cold air of their shared room brushed against her nipples.

She didn't bother to muffle her excited moan when Izuku gripped her breasts gleefully. His palms scratched at her nipples, sending a shiver of pleasure down her spine, but oddly enough, he did not continue his ministrations. She felt his hands trail down her body, tracing her muscles along the way, falling all the way to her hips.

Green lightning burst to life around Izuku, and Shizuku was entranced with the subtle glow that hid deep within his sharp emerald eyes.

She barely felt him pinch the edges of her panties and tear them to shreds with a single, swift jerk. With her lower half finally bare to the open air of their shared room, Shizuku still felt a burning, desperately hot need roll through her entire body.

“God, that was hotter than I thought it’d be,” Shizuku admitted against Izuku’s lips. She kissed him again to distract herself from the cool air that drifted across her now exposed lower lips, barely touching the pulsing heat within her core.

“How do you think I feel?” Izuku teased. He returned her kisses with gusto as he brushed the shreds of Shizuku’s panties off of her body and out of their bed. “You destroyed my boxers *and* my pants without even trying.”

Shizuku chuckled breathlessly. Her body automatically began to grind against Izuku’s hard-on, and she couldn’t stop the shudder of bliss that ripped through her body when she felt him against the opening of her pussy. Just one pass was all that was needed to cover it in her lubricating juices. “T-Taking them off would— ah—!”

“—take too long?” Izuku groaned. His hands gravitated back toward Shizuku’s hips and naturally slid down her body. His fingers danced across her thighs and up to her butt like they were trying to map everything out by touch alone.

Once more, they kissed, and Shizuku pressed herself against Izuku’s body as tightly as she could. It wasn’t enough to feel his cock against her stomach, it wasn’t enough to taste him on her lips. She was so heated, so wound, so *empty* .

“I-Izuku,” Shizuku moaned, unable to raise her voice above a whisper. “Zuku, can we…? Please?”

She felt him gasp and pull away from her. Trapped between them, they both felt his member twitch with anticipation, but he chose to ignore it, speaking quickly and urgently. “Shiku, will you be—? Is it okay? We can’t take this back, we could stop now and—”

“Can we? Can you really run from me now?” Shizuku interrupted. She wrenched her eyes open and stared deeply into Izuku’s hopeful and terrified green eyes. “After everything we’ve done and everything we’ve felt, can you really stop right now?”

“Yes.” Izuku’s hands lifted up and held Shizuku’s head gently as he urged her to calm down and listen to him. “I want you, Shizuku. I know you can feel how much I want you, and I want you even more than that. I can’t lie to you about that. But if we go too far and I ruin your life… I would never forgive myself. I can’t do that to you. I want you, Shiku, but I *need* you more.”

Shizuku felt her heart skip several beats, and she couldn’t help but laugh. With their hormones at an all-time high, it was a wonder either of them could think clearly enough to get any words out. She was practically a waterfall of love and lust, and he just might put Kirishima’s quirk to shame. Despite everything, despite the undying, intoxicating desire that aligned their wants perfectly, he was still thinking about her happiness and her safety.

“What?” Izuku asked with a confused huff.

Shizuku didn’t answer. She just kissed him. There was no desperation this time, there was no uncontrollable addiction to his taste. She pressed her lips against his purposefully, instilling as much of her raw emotions as she could within that one touch. Perhaps he could identify the new feeling that swelled within her soul if she gave him enough of it.

When the two broke their kiss, Shizuku broke the silence before it could spawn. “It’s going to be okay. No matter what happens, I will be here.”

Izuku quirked an eyebrow. “Quoting All Might in bed? Does that really count as dirty talk?”

Shizuku rolled her eyes. “Shut up, I’m new at this. How about we skip the sexy talk and just get to the part where you breed me?”

Right on cue, Izuku's blush broke the record for the darkest shade of red he had ever experienced. "Yeah, okay," he squeaked.

With their romantic moment clearing their heads a little bit, they were able to work together to align Izuku with Shizuku. She lifted herself up off of him, doing her best to ignore the string of excited juices that already connected their privates, and Izuku lifted his lower head up to the opening.

"Is this right? I thought it was lower on the—"

"Ah, not that low, you're missing."

"Sorry. Here?"

"A-Almost. Right—"

"There, I think I feel it."

"Yup, that's it. God, it's bigger than I thought it'd be…"

"Are you sure we can—?"

Shizuku had waited long enough. With Izuku's cock finally pressing against the opening of her pussy, she relaxed her legs and felt him slide deep inside of her.

She moaned loudly as she felt him stretch out her walls and fill her completely, the sheer ecstasy that rolled through her body causing her to quiver. She felt that she had to hold on to Izuku's shoulders tightly lest she shuddered herself apart. It was so hot, so thick, so firm and gentle and strong as it pulsed with desire inside of her.

“Fuck,” Izuku swore breathlessly. His hands naturally found her hips and dug his fingers into her heated skin, sending even more tingles of pleasure through her body.

Shizuku kept lowering herself, her pussy gluttonously swallowing more and more of his cock until finally their pelvises touched. The small bush of pubic hair tickled at her clit, and the wave of pleasure that raced through her nearly sapped all her strength. Her elbows buckled and her breath was caught in her throat.

Izuku’s hands were suddenly holding her torso just below her armpits. “C-Careful…”

“Thanks,” Shizuku huffed.

They panted in sync for a few long moments, both of them slowly getting used to the sensation of Shizuku’s walls clenching around his cock. She had no idea how he hadn’t already painted the inside of her white, but the winding spring deep within her didn’t care. It still needed more.

Shizuku lifted herself off of Izuku slowly and felt his slick cock sliding against the inside of her pussy. She sucked in a breath through her teeth and let it out in a needy whine, and then lowered herself back down onto him, shoving his cock deep within her once more.

Her rhythm picked up from there, and she bounced up and down on Izuku with increasing confidence and excitement. She didn’t bother to quiet her moans of pleasure as she rode him, and she even felt herself smiling as she listened to Izuku’s grunted moans.

Once her arms had regained the strength to hold herself up, Izuku allowed his hands to slide over to her breasts and began to knead them playfully. More waves of pleasure shot through her entire body, and a nearly hysterical thought played out in Shizuku’s mind. *‘He really doesn’t mind that I’m small, does he?’*

Shizuku was caught off guard when she felt Izuku thrust into her on the down beat, their pelvises slapping together audibly. The smallest spike of pain from the sudden impact was instantly overwhelmed by the typhoon of bliss and tore another loud moan from her. She

could hardly see straight from the pleasure overwhelming her mind, and for some reason, Izuku became blurry to her.

She couldn't stop riding his cock. Every thrust inside of her tightened the spring inside of her further and further, and sheer bliss had long since replaced any thought she might have had. She felt full and warm, she felt strong and confident, she felt happy and so madly in love, and she never wanted that moment to end.

"Shiku, I'm—!" Izuku tried to say through his grunts. "Shiku, I need to—!"

The most primal part of Shizuku stomped on the rest of her mind and threw its entire weight on the 'Fuck It' button.

In a flash, her lips were upon Izuku's once more, and she slammed her pussy against his cock forcefully.

It was too much for Izuku, and he came *hard* . Thick, hot cum gushed into the deepest parts of Shizuku over and over, swiftly staining her entire pussy white and finally snapping the spring within her for the second time.

Shizuku couldn't breathe as her climax tore through her. She felt Izuku filling her up to the brim and more. If she were in a doujin, she would certainly feel her belly inflate with his love. She couldn't see, she couldn't breathe, and she didn't care in the least. All she could do was ride out the blissful waves that Izuku was selflessly giving her.

And finally, it was over. Shizuku collapsed against Izuku and both of them breathed heavily to catch their breath. She felt tears falling gently from her eyes as all of her emotions finally caught up with her and her vision slowly returned. It took several long seconds for the pins and needles of her shivers to calm and she could feel Izuku's chest rising and falling in perfect sync with her own. The entire time the two of them regained their strength, Shizuku felt Izuku's rather impressive load leaking out of her as a constant reminder to what they had just done.

Izuku's gaze locked with Shizuku's. Both of them blinked their happy tears away.

They could have talked about what they had just done. They could have worried about what happens when a man and a woman love each other very much. They could have been concerned about whether or not they had locked their door the previous night.

They didn't. They just kissed, both of them beyond happy to show each other their true feelings one more time.

Once the two Midoriyas cleaned each other up and replaced their shredded attire with fresh uniforms, they quickly realized that their personal activities had replaced their usual morning routine, and their classmates had allowed them to sleep in. If they didn't move immediately, they would be late to class, if they made it at all.

Both of them had ignited their Quirks in perfect sync, and they raced down the stairs, grabbed a quick breakfast, and were out the front door in seconds. The green lightning that arced off their sprinting forms intertwined with each other as though it, too, craved to grow as close to their tethered other half as possible. The longer they ran, the higher they pushed the percentage of One for All they were using.

By the time they made it to 1-A's classroom, both of them had exceeded their previous safe limits. Izuku could feel the tendons in his arms groaning in protest at the higher percentage, even as he gasped for breath in the doorway to class A and ignored Iida's lecture. Yet, it was only his already weakened arms that protested the panicked use of One for All. With Shizuku at his side, he felt a deeper connection to the Quirk, as though Shizuku's copy had helped align his soul more completely with it.

There wasn't any time to think about the implications, however, as Aizawa appeared behind the two nearly-late Midoriyas and demanded that they take their shared seat at the back of the class.

The day progressed as it always had. Lessons were taught, tests were taken, and the Midoriyas took turns answering their teachers' questions. Lunch came and went, and when the final class of the day arrived, Izuku was able to talk with Aizawa privately and confess that there was a development in his tethered condition. Aizawa thankfully didn't ask how

they had figured it out and simply sent them down to Recovery Girl's office to report the change in their condition.

Their trip to the nurse's office quickly led into an appointment with Hatsume in the support lab, and finally they were allowed to return to the dorms. Hand in hand, their fingers intertwined, Izuku and Shizuku casually walked down the winding paths back toward Heights Alliance.

Shizuku fluffed green hair, still done up in Inko's half-bun. "Are you sure she didn't take too much?"

"No, Shiku," Izuku reassured her with a gentle smile. "Hatsume only took a little bit of your hair from the very bottom. All she did was delay your next haircut by a week or two."

"I can never be sure with Hatsume," Shizuku sighed. "For all we know, Powerloader had to talk her down from taking a razor to your head."

Izuku shuddered a little. "Okay, you have a point."

"Was that a *fear* response, Zuku? What, you don't think you'd look good with an undercut?" Shizuku teased with a smirk.

"You tell me, you'd be the one to play with my hair."

A sharp blush immediately colored Shizuku's face, and she hunched into herself slightly. After a quick glance around them to confirm that they were still alone, she murmured, "Careful, Zuku. We can only explain away so much affection before people like Ashido get suspicious."

"Right. Sorry."

Silence settled between the two Midoriyas as they walked and anxiety began to creep into Izuku's heart.

"Do you regret it?" he asked suddenly.

"No," Shizuku answered immediately. She squeezed his hand lightly before continuing, "No, I don't. What we did, I really enjoyed it. And I'm really, really happy it was with you."

"Because I'm you?" Izuku asked and looked down at his alternate self.

Shizuku didn't answer for several steps. When she finally opened her mouth again, her voice was no louder than a whisper. "Because you're *you* , Zuku."

Izuku felt his face heat up from the subtle confession. He could hear so many different emotions in Shizuku's voice, many of which he wondered if he merely *hoped* he heard. His heart pounded in his chest, and he had to stifle the smile that threatened to grace his lips. Once upon a time, he never thought he would hear something so romantic directed at him.

But was it romantic? Or was it merely passionate? Convenience, or something deeper?

"I think we should talk about us," Izuku stated. A part of him wanted to immediately shut his mouth and take back everything he had ever said, but he knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he shouldn't.

Shizuku nodded. "Yeah. Tonight?"

"Tonight." Izuku agreed. "Everyone's going to want to talk to you some more once class lets out."

With their plans cemented, the rest of the walk to Heights Alliance was made in almost comfortable silence.

What little comfort they could feel was scattered to the wind when they entered the dorms and saw a floating uniform standing in the middle of the common room.

Izuku blinked at the uniform. “Hagakure? What are you doing here?”

Shizuku looked around the common room in a confused fashion. “Isn’t everyone still in heroics?”

“Yeah,” Hagakure said gravely.

Something was wrong. Izuku noticed that Hagakure was standing stock still, her emotions nowhere to be found. She had been quiet all day, a fact she had written off as a lack of sleep the previous night, but normally when that happens, she was able to bounce back by lunch time.

Izuku let go of Shizuku and approached Hagakure, reaching out to comfort her. “What’s wrong? Are you okay? Are you sick?”

Instead of answering, Hagakure took a single step backward and ruined Izuku’s day.

“I know you two had sex.”

Chapter 4: Heart to Bleeding Heart

Chapter Notes

Hello hello!

Here is the climactic final chapter, written by my good friend!

This has been a long time coming, but BOY HOWDY is it worth the wait! I've obviously already read it, but YOU haven't, so let's just get right into it!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fear, dread, and that soulless chill tore through Shizuku's spine.

Her heart immediately started to race as her brain went full 'Fight or Flight' mode, and she took in every detail of the room where Izuku's career ended. The common room was devoid of anyone but herself, Izuku, and the female Hagakure, and the room lacked any forgotten items. There was only Hagakure's phone, still pastel pink, lying face down on one of the coffee tables, indicating that they were truly alone.

There was still a chance to talk their way out of this absolute mess.

"W-What?" Izuku stuttered, nearly motionless in shock. "What're you talking about?"

"This morning. I saw you two *doing it* in your bed," Hagakure confessed as venom began to seep through her grave tone.

"YOU WHAT?!" both Midoriyas shrieked in sync.

"Why did you think—?" Shizuku started.

“Wai-wai-wait, there’s a perfectly—” Izuku interrupted.

“—I mean, really, that’s just—!”

“—and why were you even up there, we weren’t—”

“STOP IT!” Hagakure shouted with a voice crack that carved a chasm in Shizuku’s heart. “Both of you, stop it! I know what I saw! I heard *her* screaming from the climax *you* gave her! And the way you two kissed… god *dammit* , Izuku, how *could* you?!”

Izuku visibly shut down at that, but the sheer anger in Hagakure’s voice drove a different part of Shizuku forward. Her blush grew hotter not from embarrassment, but rage, and she rushed forward to put the only man who understood her behind her. “Hey, back off! You don’t get to act like you’re in the right! You broke into our room and watched us like a—!”

“Shiku,” Izuku said in a firm tone, cutting her off instantly.

Shizuku swallowed the insult that had jumped to her tongue and turned to look at her alternate self. “Right, I’m sorry, but you can’t tell me you’re not mad, too. How long was she watching us? What was she doing that whole time?”

“The better question is why her?” Hagakure snapped and pointed accusingly at Shizuku. “She’s practically your *sister* , and you still had *sex* with her! Why her instead of—? Why, dammit?! Was it an accident? Convenience? You didn’t have to kiss her if she was just a quickie!”

“Stop talking about her that way!” Izuku hissed and stepped forward to stand shoulder to shoulder with Shizuku. “Shiku’s not just a quick fu— a one-night stand, or anything like that! She didn’t force me into anything, and she’s not a pervert or a slut or any of those adjectives.”

Shizuku blinked, and mentally replayed Hagakure's words again. *'Instead of…? Who is she talking about? Has she watched Izuku before? I didn't think Hagakure creeped on me back home…'*

"Then tell me why you FUCKED her like one!" Hagakure shouted.

"Because I LOVE her!" Izuku shouted back.

The common room fell dead silent.

"L-Love?" Shizuku whispered. She felt distant from herself. Detached. She floated above her body and soared above the clouds as a hurricane of happy butterflies consumed her stomach. It was one thing to hear how beautiful Izuku considered her, but to outright say that he was in *love* with her?

Those were words he couldn't possibly take back.

"Yeah. Love," Izuku murmured. His fist shook at his side, and he refused to turn back and look at Shizuku as he continued. "Shizuku is the only one that understands me. She knows what it's really like to grow up Quirkless. She knows what it's like to have the weight of the entire world on our shoulders, and she knows how it feels to have a target practically tattooed onto our backs. She knows everything I can't tell anyone, and I can *trust* her with all of it. I can trust her with my worst fears and deepest desires. I can trust her when she comforts me, and I can trust her when she protects me. When I give her my life, I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that she *will* keep it safe."

"Zuku…!" Shizuku breathed. She felt tears well up in her eyes from his confession. So many emotions raged within her, far too many to name them all, and she felt like she could burst.

"Is she… really the only one?" Hagakure muttered. "Do you n-not trust m-me like that? After, after everything we've b-been through?"

'Oh my god, she likes Izuku, doesn't she?' Shizuku realized far too late, and all of her happy feelings were immediately consumed by a typhoon of regret and painful empathy. *'And she still watched me and him… It wasn't anger, it was despair!'*

Izuku came to the same realization at the same time, and he, too, froze in horror as everything came into focus for him. "W-Wait, you…? Hagakure, do you—?"

"Yeah. I like you, Izuku," Hagakure confessed. She swiped her arm over her eyes to clear it of invisible tears before letting all of her thoughts tumble out of her mouth. "You can see me like no one else can. I like the way you see my Quirk as another beautiful part of me and not a disability like everyone else. I like that you let me be quiet when I need to, and you always address me whenever I enter the same room as you. You make me feel alive and real. I thought I had a real chance with you, you know? Finally, someone that sees me for who I really am, and not what my clothes make my body look like."

Hagakure sniffled loudly and took in a shaky breath. "And now I just accused your girlfriend of taking advantage of you… Dammit… Dammit, dammit, dammit!"

As the invisible girl continued to swipe tears from her eyes, Shizuku couldn't help but feel horrible. The realization that her affections were returned in full was completely eclipsed by the sheer agony that consumed the alternate version of one of her best friends. When the displaced girl looked over, she noticed the same empathetic tears forming in Izuku's eyes, and she knew instantly that he shared her pain.

Once the two Midoriyas shared a look, determination overtook Izuku's expression. He took in a deep breath and let it out to calm his nerves and organize his thoughts. "Hagakure…"

Shizuku tapped his shoulder, and when Izuku glanced at her, she gestured to the crying girl with a meaningful look.

"Tooru," Izuku started again. "You didn't do anything wrong. I—"

"Don't lie to me," Hagakure cried. "You're not any good at it."

“I’m not lying. We hurt you badly, and I had no idea. I’m sorry. I’m so, so sorry that I never noticed that you liked me.”

“How?” the sobbing girl demanded. “How the hell did you not notice? I don’t *do* subtle, or else I’d get forgotten about!”

Izuku sighed, then looked over at Shizuku with a pleading look. *‘Should I tell her?’* it said.

Shizuku’s eyes widened with concern. *‘Are you sure?’*

Izuku’s expression hardened. *‘It’s important.’*

Shizuku tried to swallow her instinctive anxiety and flicked her head toward Hagakure. *‘Go ahead, but be careful.’*

Izuku gave her a thankful smile before turning back to Hagakure. The entire exchange took only a few moments to complete, yet it was more than enough for the green haired boy to organize his thoughts.

“Tooru, I could never forget you,” Deku refuted. With one more step, he was close enough to rest his hand on her shoulder in a comforting fashion. “That wasn’t why I never noticed. At risk of sounding cliche, it’s not you, it’s me.”

Hagakure huffed, a sound that almost resembled a despondent laugh, yet she didn’t interrupt.

“I grew up Quirkless,” he began, immediately capturing the invisible girl’s attention. “I wasn’t strong enough to use Superpower until I was 15, and by then, it was far too late. Everyone knew me as the Quirkless boy. The Mistake. Quirks are everything in society, so if you don’t have one… you don’t belong.”

“W-What?” Hagakure breathed. “But you’re so…! It’s not your Quirk that makes you amazing. Why would…?”

When Hagakure trailed off, Deku gave her a sad smile of bitter acceptance. “It didn’t matter. I didn’t have a Quirk. Most adults didn’t say it when I could hear them, but I know several people apologized to my mother when they learned I was Quirkless. After all, her only child was a failure.”

Hagakure hissed a swear under her breath, and Shizuku noticed the ends of her sleeves began to shake in frustration.

“I never could hide my Quirklessness, either. Teachers made sure everyone knew that I didn’t have a Quirk so that they could be more gentle with me.”

Shizuku growled quietly before she could stop herself, “As if our body was weaker just because we couldn’t breathe fire or move things with a wave of a hand.”

“And your classmates decided to have a little fun with you, didn’t they?” Hagakure murmured emotionlessly.

Deku nodded. “Any time they allowed me to play with them, I was the pity pick, or the villain they could ‘practice’ on. I couldn’t leave any of my things unattended unless I had spares hidden away. Once middle school started… even the girls decided to get a laugh out of the quirkless kid. Every Valentine’s Day, I would find a note from a Secret Admirer in my locker. They never showed up.”

“Yes, they did,” Hagakure refuted harshly and wrapped her arms around herself for comfort. “They were watching you. Waiting for you to realize that they forgot about you. Again.”

Shizuku quickly closed the distance between herself and Hagakure and threw her own arms around her. The invisible girl didn’t even flinch at the sudden hug and even leaned into it. No words were exchanged between the two girls as they soaked up as much comfort from one another as they could.

Deku was quick to join his female counterpart. Between the two Midoriyas, Hagakure was encased in affection. In a whisper, he continued his explanation. “I thought that was going to be my life forever. Useless Deku. Even when I got Superpower, I was just Useful Deku. I never even considered romance to be possible, not for someone like me. It just… wasn’t something I thought about anymore. I couldn’t tell if someone liked me, or if they were just being friendly. I thought being useful was enough.”

“Until I showed up?” Shizuku suggested.

“Until Shiku arrived here,” Izuku confirmed. “Suddenly, here was someone I knew wasn’t going to hurt me. She knew everything, and she trusted me, just as I trust her. A beautiful, powerful girl that I could give my life to and more.”

Hagakure took in a shuddering breath and let it out explosively. She buried her face in Izuku’s shoulder, the subtle contours on his skin almost painting the picture of agony that her expression was. “I’m sorry,” she cried.

Izuku tightened his hug and squeezed his invisible friend. “I’m sorry too. I had no idea that you felt that way about me. And I’m sorry you had to find out like this.”

“Stop it,” Hagakure hissed quietly. “Stop apologizing. Please. Just… just hug me.”

“…okay.”

A painful silence enveloped the three students as all of them mourned what could have been.

Izuku stared at the ceiling of his temporary room, his mind racing faster than it had ever gone before.

Countless little things that he had written off as a friendly gesture or an odd character quirk of the girls of his class all swirled around in his mind, memories upon memories playing out in sequence and overlapping one another as an impossible picture began to form. How much had he missed because of his blindness to romance? How well could he trust his perception of his friends?

Laying at his side, Shizuku wasn't fairing much better. Neither of them said a word to each other when Hagakure pulled out of their group hug and promised to stay quiet about their relationship. He could tell that she wanted to say *something* to improve the invisible girl's mood, anything to keep her from wallowing in the grief and self-hatred that was no doubt consuming her. Yet, neither Midoriya could think of anything to say to make it better. They had let Hagakure take her phone and vanish upstairs to be alone and recover before the rest of their friends came back from class.

By the time evening had arrived and the duo retired to their temporary room, neither of them had said a word to each other, each of them lost in their own thoughts. Changing into night clothes and laying in bed together was practically robotic for both of them, although Izuku couldn't deny that feeling Shizuku's head resting against his chest was an unparalleled balm on his strained emotions. He even felt her relax a little when he wrapped an arm around her shoulders and held her gently at his side.

"She's not the only one," Shizuku suddenly said matter-of-factly.

Izuku shook his head. "No, she's not."

"Ashido always makes sure that you laugh when she teases you."

"She might not even tease her friends in the same way. 'I don't mind if you look', remember?"

"And Tsuyu was the same way."

“That could have been Tsuyu having a similar trauma to us.”

“And when she talked about what quirks your kids would have?”

“I got distracted by Todoroki getting defensive, but that still should have been obvious.”

“You had said that Jirou got so mad when she sang for you and you asked who she wrote the song for.”

“Yaoyorozu spilled tea on herself and started changing immediately. She never spills her tea.”

“Uraraka,” the twin counterparts said in a hollow voice, perfectly in sync.

Izuku groaned and dragged his free hand down his face. “Shiku, am I stupid?”

“Yes,” she replied immediately.

Izuku looked at his counterpart.

“What? If the boys back home treated me the way your girls treat you, you’d call me stupid too,” Shizuku said defensively.

Izuku sighed. While it was completely true, he was expecting her to hesitate before she said it.

Again, an awkward silence bloomed in their room, once more allowing their minds to accelerate excessively.

“What could we even do?” Izuku asked desperately. “We can’t leave them like this.”

“Especially not Hagakure, yeah.” Shizuku rolled onto her back, and after shifting a little so that her side was flush with his, took hold of Izuku’s hand and let it rest upon her stomach, their fingers naturally interlaced again. “If we could just… go back there and tell her to join us, it’d be—.”

Izuku blinked. “That’s what you’d do?”

“Um.” Shizuku had nothing more to say. She turned her face away to hide her growing blush of shame.

“Hey, I’m not saying it’s a bad idea,” Izuku quickly reassured her and squeezed her hand. “She is really cute, but what about us?”

“What about us?” Shizuku turned back to her male counterpart and raised an eyebrow in challenge. “You love me, and I love you, and I want us to be together, as a proper boyfriend and girlfriend.”

“And I want that too, no matter what anyone else might think. You’re perfect, and that’s never going to change,” he confessed and leaned in to kiss his girlfriend.

A small smile grew on Shiku’s face just before she craned her neck to meet him halfway. Their lips touched, and everything felt right in the world for just that one moment. With his other half laying against him, sharing their warmth with one another and openly giving their hearts to each other, Izuku felt complete. So long as Shiku was at his side, there would be nothing he couldn’t handle.

‘Does that include relationships?’ a small part of Izuku’s mind wondered.

Shiku pulled away from their kiss first, and her brilliant green eyes scanned her boyfriend’s face. “You just thought of something.”

“Yeah, I said it wasn’t a bad idea,” Izuku began. “I never would have figured out that they like me without you, and I never would have had a shot at any of them without your help.”

“Or so we thought,” his female version clarified.

“Okay, maybe I would have a shot if they came to me first and beat me upside the head with their affection—”

“—and even then, we’d need to get really lucky—”

“—but I’m *not* alone; I have you, and you like them as well.” Izuku slipped his hand out from behind Shiku’s and rolled onto his side to face her properly. “If everything went exactly as it had in both of our worlds, then you would share my feelings for them, right?”

“It didn’t, though, the boys of my class aren’t as affectionate as the girls of your class are,” Shizuku pointed out.

“I know, but hypothetically, if you were in my place, and the girls were just as affectionate with you as they are with me, you would want them as well, so the easy answer would be—”

“—to just go out there and ask them to join us? Seriously?”

“Obviously not that bluntly, but yes. We can work together to make sure all of them feel loved—”

“—which is going to be a challenge since there’s six of them and two of us—”

“—unless we can get them to date each other first. Yaoyorozu is definitely attracted to Uraraka, so if we can get them together—”

“—then we can make sure both of them feel loved even when we’re not with them!”

“Exactly!” Izuku felt excitement bubble up inside of him, instantly snuffing out the hint of guilt that tried to plant itself in his heart.

Shizuku nodded rapidly and didn’t bother hiding her excited smile. “Okay, we can make this work, and we’ll give all of the girls the love they deserve. Plus, if they’re okay with *us* , then they can get both of us at the same time!”

An idea popped into Izuku’s head, making him snort. “Can you imagine Ochako’s face if you take her left arm when I grab her right one?”

“Oh, she would *never* come down from the ceiling!” Shizuku laughed, prompting Izuku to laugh with her.

The twin lovers allowed their laughter to continue, unimpeded by their usual anxiety, comfortable in the arms of one another. With Shizuku’s head resting upon Izuku’s shoulder, and Izuku’s arm wrapping around Shizuku’s middle, both of them finally felt complete.

Eventually, their laughter petered out, and Izuku listened to his girlfriend’s happy coos for several moments. “We might need to come up with a plan for who we approach and when,” he said offhandedly.

Shizuku shrugged. “Yeah, that would be a good idea. You’ll need to start with Hagakure—”

“—after she deals with her broken heart.”

“—after she’s ready to address it, yeah.” Shizuku climbed on top of her boyfriend, brushing aside the blanket that should have covered the both of them, and stared into his eyes with a strange look and a small smile. “We can deal with that another time, though.”

“Why do you say—?” That was as far as Izuku got before he choked on the rest of his words.

He could feel Shizuku press her crotch into Izuku’s. With just her panties on, he could feel the growing heat rubbing against his rapidly hardening shaft.

Izuku finally recognized Shizuku’s strange look as a sultry one. A *horny* one. “Ah…?”

“We have time to come up with a plan later, Zuku,” Shizuku murmured seductively. “For now, I want to enjoy the night with my boyfriend~”

Izuku let his hands wander down his girlfriend’s body and settle on her rear end. “Who am I to deny you that, Shiku? It’s not like Hatsume is going to figure out a way home overnight.”

“Good news! Hatsume figured out a way to send Shizuku home overnight!”

Both Midoriyas stared at Hatsume as she slept against one of the many machines in the Support Lab that Shizuku couldn’t name. Another Hatsume, a distinctly masculine and familiar Hatsume, was leaning against the female Hatsume, and he, too, was sound asleep. Both Hatsumes were covered in grime and ash, their working outfit frumpled and heavily stained, with the Hatsume from her world slightly more filthy than one that belonged there.

Shizuku turned and gave Izuku a piercing look of disappointment. *‘You had to say it out loud, didn’t you?’*

Izuku shrank into himself a little bit, as though he could escape the destiny that he had invoked. *‘Sorry, I’ll add that to the list of phrases to never say again.’*

Principal Nezu ignored their instant conversation, choosing instead to look over the massive machine tucked against the back wall that Hatsume had apparently finished. A Support Course student might have been able to pick out exactly what it was made of, but to Shizuku, it just looked like a complex mountain of scrap and wires with a gaping hole in the middle of it. Izuku's Power Loader was working on a part of the machine that sparked defiantly, drawing a quiet swear from the Excavation Hero from time to time.

"As you can see," the principal began jovially, glancing back at the two Midoriyas, "Hatsume and Hatsume managed to work together to connect our two worlds temporarily. It was long enough for the other Hatsume to cross over —safely I might add— so a more permanent solution will be found very soon! Power Loader, do you know when that will be?"

With a few twists of a set of pliers, the panel that the Support Course teacher was working on finally started behaving. He stood up, tossed the pliers onto a nearby workbench, and looked over the massive machine slowly. "Sort of. They're onto something here, even if most of it is a complete mess of liability issues. If I can get a couple friends from outside in here, we can get this fixed up by this afternoon, and it'll safely hold long enough to get both students back through. An hour or two, then it'll be too dangerous to trust."

"That's not very permanent," Izuku pointed out, the shake in his voice only audible to Shizuku. "Would we be able to connect the worlds again after it shuts down?"

"Yeah, that wouldn't be too hard to do," Power Loader said offhandedly before turning away from the machine. "It'll probably take a few months to get a more professional prototype of this thing ready, though, and there's gonna be a lot of testing after that."

Principal Nezu clapped his paws and gave both Midoriyas a professional, but reassuring smile. "Not to worry, Midoriya! I'll be sure to encourage the professionals to contact you when they're ready to begin human testing!"

Both Midoriyas let out a breath of relief at the principal's reassurance. "Thank you, Principal," they said in perfect sync, gratefully bowing together.

"Jesus—!" Power Loader jumped at their stereo voices. "Sorry, kid, that's just… You know what, I'm gonna go make a few calls."

Power Loader wasted no time turning away and hurrying into the safety of his office.

Their principal chuckled to himself, then addressed his students once more. “One last thing: I will be contacting your mother, as I am certain she will want to see you one more time before you leave, Shizuku.”

Shizuku nodded. It would be great to say goodbye to Inko instead of just vanishing. She never really had a chance to have a connection with the woman that gave birth to her, so every moment she could spend with Izuku’s mom was amazing.

“Good. Both of you can return to class now. Eraserhead will let you know when the machine is ready for you.”

With that clear dismissal, Izuku took hold of Shizuku’s hand, their fingers naturally interlocking, and the two of them left the Support Lab.

Shizuku wanted to say that the walk back to the classroom was calm and comforting, yet she couldn’t fully stifle the twisted nervousness that wound around her heart. She was so close to being able to go home, back to her Dad and the classmates she’s been through hell with. She could hardly wait to get back to what she had learned was safe and strong, back to teachers that cared whether she lived or died.

Yet at the same time, the warmth of Izuku’s hand pressing against her own reminded Shizuku of his confession the previous day. His genuine affection for her made the butterflies in her stomach swirl about in a roaring cyclone of giddy anxiety. She was addicted to how quickly and thoroughly he understood her, how he protected her from the horrors of her own mind and social anxiety, especially how true his awe and gratefulness was when she protected him in turn.

Shizuku loved the way his eyes light up like stars in the night sky whenever they talked about quirks and heroes together, she loved the way his smile becomes so gentle and open when she curls up against him, she especially loved the way his muscles rippled when her fingers danced across his bare skin and caused him to *squirm* with bliss.

She was so close to losing all of that. She was so close to having him forever.

As though he had sensed Shizuku's growing distress, Izuku pulled her a little closer to himself, brushing their arms together as they walked.

It was enough to remind Shizuku that he was there, and that she was safe with him.

"You two might want to be more careful," someone said in a morose voice behind them.

The Midoriya twins jumped and whipped around in opposite directions, their still-connected hands awkwardly bent behind their backs to maintain the handholding.

Hagakure stood near the wall next to a girl's bathroom. Her floating figure hardly moved at all, aside from one arm reaching up to grip the other one in an awkward attempt of self-comfort. "You don't need to hold hands anymore, right?" she asked in a dull tone. "People like Mina might start asking questions you don't want to answer."

"R-Right," Izuku said awkwardly and let go of Shizuku's hand.

Both green haired hero students look at each other, and in that instant of eye contact, a decision was debated and decided. They thought they had more time to plan, but both holders of One for All had learned how to think on their feet rather quickly.

"Izuku, why don't you go on ahead?" Shizuku suggested.

"Alright, I'll tell everyone the update about you," Izuku agreed.

The collar of Hagakure's shirt shifted almost unnoticeably, and Shizuku imagined her tilting her head inquisitively. She didn't have the energy to ask what they were talking about, yet she

couldn't help but be curious about Shizuku's condition.

Izuku tried to give Hagakure a friendly smile before turning back around and hurrying on his way, leaving the two girls alone in the hallway.

"I'm sorry," Hagakure suddenly blurted out just as Shizuku opened her mouth to talk. "About yesterday. The things I said about you, I didn't mean any of it. You're really cool and cute, just like him, a-and I thought he was going to be the one, you know?"

She bowed deeply at Shizuku, her arms at her side in a proper apology bow. Her voice and her arms shook as she continued to speak. "I didn't mean it when I accused you of taking advantage of him, or being… or of being a slut. I'm sorry."

Shizuku sighed and blinked empathetic tears out of her eyes. She squared her shoulders, took a deep breath, and Deku let it out slowly. "It's alright, Tooru," she said in a gentle tone, "I can understand why you were so upset."

Hagakure looked up from her bow when she heard Deku closing the distance between them, and when the girl in her Hero Mode placed a comforting hand on her invisible friend's shoulder, she straightened up again.

"You don't need to feel guilty about seeing how amazing Izuku is," Deku continued. She pulled Hagakure into a hug, squeezed her gently, and then stepped away from her, just in case she didn't want to deal with Shizuku any longer than she had to. "And, more importantly, I'm sorry that we never noticed your feelings until now."

The subtle movements of Hagakure's collar implied that she nodded in solemn understanding. "I wish I could say that I get it too, but at least I was born with a Quirk."

"The important part is that you try to get it anyway. If you're anything like the Hagakure I go to class with, then I know that you're such a bright part of Izuku's life. You're always there when he needs to be cheered up, and you're not afraid to speak up when something is bothering you," Deku said and shrugged, hoping that it didn't appear too theatrical.

“Plus, you’ve got a great figure,” she added offhandedly. “When you bounce, you really *bounce* .”

Hagakure let out a surprised snort. “W-What? I— Thank you? What does that have to do with anything?”

There we go, there’s a little life in her voice again, Shizuku thought triumphantly. Out loud, Deku continued, “We didn’t notice your feelings, but you? We see you, Tooru. It’s as he had said yesterday: we couldn’t ever forget about you. We just didn’t think you were an option until you confessed.”

Again, Hagakure froze. “What?”

“We never told you how we felt about you,” Shizuku explained gently. From the memory she had of Todoroki using a spray of frost to reveal Hagakure during an exercise, the green haired girl locked her gaze with where she envisioned Hagakure’s eyes to be. “I know you’re still upset, and neither of us want to force anything onto you. However, when you’re ready, I think both you and him have a lot to talk about.”

“Y-You mean, he—? But he’s dating—!”

“When you’re ready,” Shizuku insisted. “I’ll be leaving very soon, so I can’t remind him about this, so I’m telling you now. Talk to him. Can you do that for me?”

At first, Hagakure didn’t move. Her collar shifted slightly, but when Shizuku glanced at it to figure out how, it had already stopped. Then, in a whisper full of countless overwhelming emotions, she spoke. “Yes. I can do that.”

Shizuku cheered internally and offered Hagakure a pleasant smile. She reached her hand out, palm up, as a wordless offering to the invisible girl on an emotional rollercoaster. “Come on, we should get back to class.”

Hagakure did not take her hand, and the two girls began their walk back to class A in silence.

Part of the way there, Shizuku felt invisible fingers touch her gnarled right hand. She couldn't help but smile when Tooru's hand settled against her palm like it always belonged there.

Izuku clenched and relaxed his fists as he walked side by side with Shizuku toward the Support Lab, his nervous energy creeping in as they wove around groups of students that had also been dismissed from the final class of the day. He had gotten a text from Mom sometime during his classes, telling him that she was given transportation to UA and that she'd be waiting for him in the lab that Hatsume was working in, so that was one less thing to worry about.

"Okay, remind me of the plan, one more time," Izuku murmured and scanned the crowded hallway the twins slipped through.

"First, you need to get Tooru on board," Shizuku began, careful not to look suspicious as she watched for eavesdroppers. "I already started with her, but I don't know how well she'll take it, considering yesterday."

Izuku nodded. "She was able to pretend that she was okay when you two came back, so you at least cheered her up a little."

"Not much. I just told her to talk to you and find out about your feelings. That could mean that she'll try to move on from us anyway."

"That would be…" Izuku quickly searched for an appropriate word that hopefully didn't sound like Tooru didn't have a choice. "…unfortunate."

Shizuku hummed affirmatively. She paused to let a group of rowdy upperclassmen pass by them in a rush, then continued her explanation. “I’ll talk with my boys and try to find out as much as I can about them. They’re a little different, but with both of us learning about them, we should be able to become the best option for all of them.”

“What about you? Only Tooru knows about…” Izuku trailed off to protect their secret from the stragglers in the hall.

“I’m still of the mind that we should tell them,” Shizuku said firmly. “I don’t want any of them to think that we’re cheating on them.”

“Even though they’ll all be dating someone else as well?”

“It would still be contained. Six of them, plus one.”

“You’re right.” Izuku dragged his gnarled hand down his face with a sigh. “Dammit. That’ll be one more thing to talk to Tooru about. She might be able to help to make it less painful.”

Shizuku shrugged. “That’ll be for the best, yeah.”

Their walk together eventually brought them to the section of UA that contained all the Support Course classes, and they could already hear the hustle and bustle of the labs echoing through the mostly empty halls.

“Maybe we’re overthinking this. Would you trust them with…?” When Izuku trailed off this time, he ignited a small portion of One for All, just enough to make his eyes glow with an eerily powerful light.

Shizuku’s eyes widened. She thought for a moment, then nodded to herself. “Yeah. Yeah, I would trust my boys. And if I could trust them with that, then maybe you’re right, and it’ll be fine. Tooru already knows, and Mina would probably call it kinky, so I think we can make this work.”

“Hey, you two!” an American voice shouted ahead of them. A man in a filthy lab coat waved at them from down the hall, just outside of the heavily reinforced door to Hatsume’s chosen Support Lab. “You here for Power Loader?”

Izuku and Shizuku looked at each other, and both of them saw their nervousness spike in sync.

“Time to go,” Shizuku whispered reluctantly.

“Back to your boys,” Izuku replied in a quiet and steady tone.

Incredulousness creeped onto Shizuku’s expression, as though she wished to say *‘Away from my boy, you mean?’*

Izuku flicked his head toward the American that was still waiting for them. *‘Not quite yet.’*

Together, not quite hand in hand, they hurried down the hall and entered the Support Lab.

It was an absolute mess, as usual. Incomplete projects, scrap metal, and loose electronics were scattered across every available surface. Power Loader was crouched down beside a much more functional-looking machine while several people Izuku didn’t recognize either worked on a different part of the machine, or ran around the room to find last minute supplies and adjustments. Off to the side and out of the way, Inko sat beside Principal Nezu, wringing her hands nervously.

When the twins and the American entered the lab together, her eyes flicked over to them instantly. In moments, she was on her feet and rapidly approaching her children. “Oh, Shizuku! You’re here!”

Shizuku met Inko halfway across the room and wrapped her up into a tight hug. “Yeah, we’re here. I can’t believe I’m going home this soon. I just got here, and I wish I had a lot more time to connect with— With everyone, you and Izuku and his friends.”

“I know, and I wish I could have spent more time with you, too,” Inko lamented and began to idly pet Shizuku’s hair. “Are you sure you’re going to be okay? You and Izuku can’t be too far from each other, but you seem fine now?”

“Ah, yeah,” Izuku awkwardly chimed in. He hurried over to Mom to avoid shouting over the mechanical din and growing electrical whine that the engineers didn’t seem worried about. “We’ve figured out a few things about the Quirk that connected us, and we made a breakthrough. We can be separated now, and our connection won’t get weaker. We’re okay, Mom, I promise.”

Inko released the breath she had been holding for who knows how long, seemingly sagging in relief. “That’s wonderful to hear. I wouldn’t want to take you away from Hisashi or your friends.”

“You wouldn’t be taking me away. I want to come back here as soon as I can.” Shizuku squeezed Inko one more time, then broke the hug to give Izuku’s mother a gentle smile. “I have family here too, Mom.”

Right on cue, Inko’s eyes began to water heavily. “Oh, my baby…!”

The electronic whine of the machine suddenly began to rise in pitch, instantly capturing everyone’s attention, and all of the technicians working on it took several steps back. “Alright, Smith, send the pulse,” Power Loader barked without turning away from the obviously active machine.

The American that had greeted the twins tapped on a laptop hooked up near the machine, and a deep *thump* echoed around the room. A few seconds later, it pulsed again with a slightly softer *thump* . “Got a reply,” he said quickly.

“That’s good, right?” Inko asked quietly. Both of her hands found her children’s own, squeezing them anxiously.

Shizuku and Izuku watched the mysterious machine begin to glow, countless lights spread across its frame lighting up in sequence, and a bright light formed in the middle of the hole that Hatsume had left.

“More power coming in from the other side,” one of the technicians that Power Loader had called in barked.

“How’s the battery?” another one asked, her gravely voice echoing slightly from its volume.

“Plenty of room, but it’s climbing fast!”

“Keep it stable, we won’t get another—!”

Suddenly, the whine of the machine was cut off. The bright light that had been sitting in the middle of the machine suddenly expanded exponentially, consuming the entire apparatus, and dulling into a colored ring that practically touched the floor. In the middle of the ring appeared to be the Support Lab with several people in lab coats standing around.

No one moved. They stared at one another as though Hatsume’s machine had created a simple mirror.

“Huh, that was easy,” two voices said in perfect sync. One was an American male, while the other was an American female.

The odd stereo voice was enough to wake up the rest of the now connected room. Just as Power Loader opened his mouth to congratulate his crew, an older man with fluffy black hair speckled with grey strands and a trio of freckles on each of his cheeks rushed past the group of engineers. Shizuku’s father fearlessly stepped through the portal, and sprinted straight for his missing daughter.

“SHIZUKU!” Hisashi cried, and in moments, Shizuku was caught in a crushing hug by her father, one she was more than happy to return.

Neither the warmth of Inko nor of Izuku could compare to the comforting heat of her Dad’s hugs. “Dad! Dad, I’m so sorry!”

“Oh thank god,” he cried, nearly melting against his daughter, tears already streaming down his face. “Thank god you’re okay, Shizuku, I was so worried about you. You are okay, right? Are you okay?!”

Hisashi pulled away from Shizuku and frantically checked her over for obvious signs of injury and abuse. Shizuku weathered his assessment for a moment, but swiftly regained his attention and held his shoulders in place. “Dad! Dad, it’s alright, I’m okay! I promise, I’m not hurt, everyone’s been really nice, and Izuku’s amazing.”

“Izuku?” Hisashi immediately looked completely lost. “Who’s Izuku?”

“Oh. My.”

Shizuku’s father turned to the other two green haired people he had ignored and froze in place. Inko and Hisashi stared at one another like they had both been locked in a wide-eyed trance. A small blush developed on Inko’s face, while Hisashi’s lips moved silently as he catalogued everything about his wife from another world.

“Hi,” Inko finally said breathlessly.

“Hey,” Hisashi replied. He swallowed, obviously taken aback by Inko’s appearance, and shifted over to stand in front of her. “You… wow, you’re still gorgeous.”

Inko shyly tucked her hair behind her ear and looked away. “Ah, you don’t need to spare my feelings. I know I’ve gained a little weight since you…”

“No, no, Inko,” he refuted, unable to hide his awe-struck smile. “You’re just as beautiful as the day we met.”

Inko laughed lightly and didn’t even bother to hide the blush that colored her cheeks. “Thank you. You aged very well yourself. I might even say you’re even more handsome now.”

“M-More handsome?” Hisashi stuttered, and his face quickly became colored a healthy, embarrassed red. “Nono, I don’t know what you’re— I mean, I still haven’t been able to grow a beard, and you can’t really call this ‘salt and pepper’ yet, and I’ve got a lot of wrinkles now, which I’m sure you understand, n-not that it makes you any less—! Okay, what I mean is—”

Wisps of black smoke began to slip out of Hisashi’s mouth, and the longer he talked, the thicker the smoke became. His words sped up as he stuttered and scrambled for a less rude way of denying Inko’s compliment, and something at the back of his throat gained a dull glow.

When Izuku looked at Shizuku in confusion, she just rolled her eyes and did her best to suppress the pleased smile on her face. Her father always got like this whenever he was flustered. It was certainly a lot better than his teary-eyed breakdown over reuniting with her again.

“Hisashi,” Inko interrupted through her giggles. “Your tongue’s on fire again.”

Right on cue, Hisashi slapped both his hands over his mouth to silence himself. Despite his embarrassment, Shizuku could still see his cheeks pulled up in a giddy smile.

“I missed you so much,” Inko murmured and stepped into Hisashi’s personal space.

Hisashi wasted no time and pulled Inko in for a tight hug. “I missed you too, dear. You’re… not the same as my Inko, though. Are you?”

“Would you like to find out? Over coffee, perhaps?” Inko suggested with a coy smirk.

“Yeah,” he answered immediately. “Yeah, I’d like that.”

Izuku shot Shizuku a complicated look. *‘We’ll need to be careful going forward. If they’re like this already…’*

Shizuku tried to give him a reassuring smile. *‘They’re both going to be happy, regardless.’*

Izuku’s expression shifted into something a little more calm and accepting before turning his attention back to their reunited parents. *‘They are, and they both deserve it.’*

The machine keeping the portal open suddenly let out a loud *pop* , startling all four Midoriyas apart and several engineers. The portal wavered slightly, but quickly stabilized again. It was enough to send all the technicians on both sides of the portal into a frenzy of activity, all of them barking out readings and instructions, sometimes in uncanny synchronization.

“I’m afraid I’m going to have to cut this meeting short,” Principal Nezu said and walked away from the open portal, careful to avoid getting underfoot of the engineers. He glanced over his shoulder where Principal Nozomi stood and offered her a polite wave, who returned it before stepping away from her side of the portal. “As I had explained earlier today, there will be more opportunities for our worlds to become connected once more.”

“Thank you very much, Principal. You have no idea how much this means to us,” Hisashi said, and both he and Inko gave the principal a respectful bow.

“Perhaps not from a human perspective, but I do understand the importance of love! I most certainly wouldn’t want to stand in the way of that, especially when it can improve the lives of everyone involved.”

Izuku and Shizuku turned to face each other. Izuku's face was an overwhelming cocktail of countless emotions, every one of them terrifyingly familiar to Shizuku. Logically, they both knew that the principal was right; they'd have plenty of time to see one another, once professionals could perfect Hatsume's work.

Even still…

"So… this is it, huh?" Izuku whispered.

"Yeah. It's time for us to go," Shizuku whispered back.

Shizuku's hand felt lonely. Her heart screamed for her to say 'to hell with consequences' and wrap herself around Izuku and never let go.

Both of them glanced at their parents, who were having their own hushed conversation. Tears fell from Inko's eyes, yet both of them were smiling, their hearts visibly full of hope.

"We can't take that from them," Shizuku stated under her breath.

Izuku shook his head. He had nothing to say, and far too many thoughts crowding his mind.

Neither of them said anything as their parents wrapped up their conversation and returned to their children's side. The portal machine popped again, and this time one of the technicians swore in a foreign language, rapidly flicking their hand to dull the pain it had inflicted.

"Ready to go?" Hisashi asked, giving his daughter a gentle smile.

"Too late to say no!" one of the engineers barked. "We're losing stability. You two need to move."

Shizuku nodded and said nothing. Together, she and Hisashi walked up to the portal, which had just started to waver at the edges.

"Shiku!"

Shizuku stopped in her tracks and spun around.

Izuku collided with her, and they were both trapped in a desperate and needy embrace. She buried her face into his neck, just as he did the same to her own. So close to one another, they could feel their very souls intertwine with one another.

Both of them moved their lips against each others' skin, in perfect unison.

'I love you. '

Three little words were all they could say.

Three little words were all they needed to say.

An infinite expanse of promises, determination, and a complete disregard of destiny itself, all wrapped into three little words.

This time, when they pulled away from each other, both of them were ready.

"I'll wait for you," Izuku promised.

"You won't wait long," Shizuku vowed.

Finally, Shizuku turned away, took her father's hand, and stepped through the doorway back to the home she was born in.

The portal snapped shut with a quiet *pop* .

Izuku took in a deep, slow breath. He let it out just as slowly.

Despite their distance, he was certain that Shizuku was doing the exact same thing.

"Don't worry, honey, she'll be back before you know it," Inko reassured her son as well as herself.

Izuku hummed. "Dad will be back, too. Do you know where you two are going to go?"

Inko flushed and looked away, fiddling with a loose strand of her hair. "Oh, he— right, I suppose I should be thinking about that. Goodness, I hope I still fit in some of my dresses."

"I'm sure Aunt Mitsuki can help you with that," Izuku pointed out softly.

"You're right, she can. I should call her, she'll definitely want to help," Inko thought aloud.

As his mother went on about possible date plans and ways the Bakugous could assist her, Izuku felt someone approach him from the side. When he looked over, no one was there.

An invisible hand touched Izuku's gnarled knuckles. It quickly pressed itself against his palm, and he felt a square of paper being pressed into his skin.

Just as quickly as she had approached, Tooru pulled away from Izuku, leaving him with the scrap of paper. Her footsteps were inaudible behind the din of Power Loader's technicians repairing and reviewing Hatsume's machine, but Izuku saw the soot by the armored doorway shift as she slipped away.

While Inko was distracted by Power Loader, asking for a simplified version of what they would need to do to repair the portal, Izuku looked down at the square of paper he had been given.

'We need to talk about us.'

Izuku smiled and tucked Tooru's message into his pocket. Shizuku had shown him a great many things, including the fact that his romantic feelings could be returned. Tooru had opened his eyes to just how many would return them.

How many of his friends craved him as Shizuku did? How many of them were counting the days until he would welcome them into his arms and kiss their worries away?

How many of them would crumple into a messy pile of love and *heat* if Shizuku helped him find their most sensitive spots?

Izuku's attention drifted back to where Tooru had gone, and his mind began to race with possibilities.

'I can hardly wait to tell Shiku about her new girlfriends.'

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading!

This was part a gift for me, inspired by Mirror Image, and part an exercise to help my friend get back into the swing of things writing-wise.

And, well, I bloody LOVE the gift, and they are clearly back into the swing of it, just off the high quality of this work!

So I want to say thank you to everyone for reading this, drop a comment below letting us know what you think, and have a wonderful holiday season!

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed that! Be sure to tell me if you did below! Looking forward to posting -and reading, haha- the next chapter!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!